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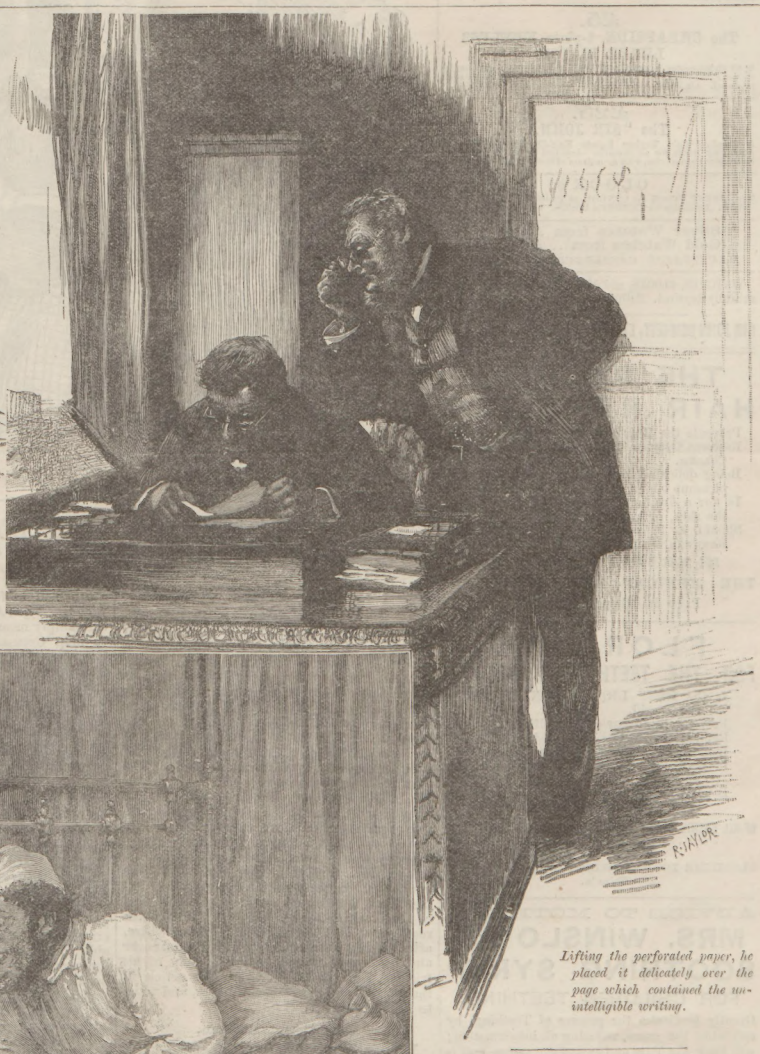
WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST GREAT ROMANCE, "BLIND LOVE," IS COMMENCED IN THIS NUMBER.

Iris Henley.



"Dennis, I have got something for you to do. It must be kept a secret, and it allows of no delay."

Lifting the perforated paper, he placed it delicately over the page which contained the unintelligible writing.

"Blind Love," the last Serial Story by the late Wilkie Collins, is a Romance of absorbing interest, and one of the most engrossing works of the great novelist. We invite our readers to judge for themselves. "Blind Love," admirably illustrated by the distinguished artist M. Forestier, is commenced (by special permission of, and arrangement with, the Proprietors of *The Illustrated London News*) on page 308 of the present Number, and will be continued week by week in The Penny Illustrated Paper till completed.

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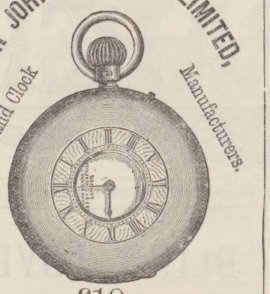

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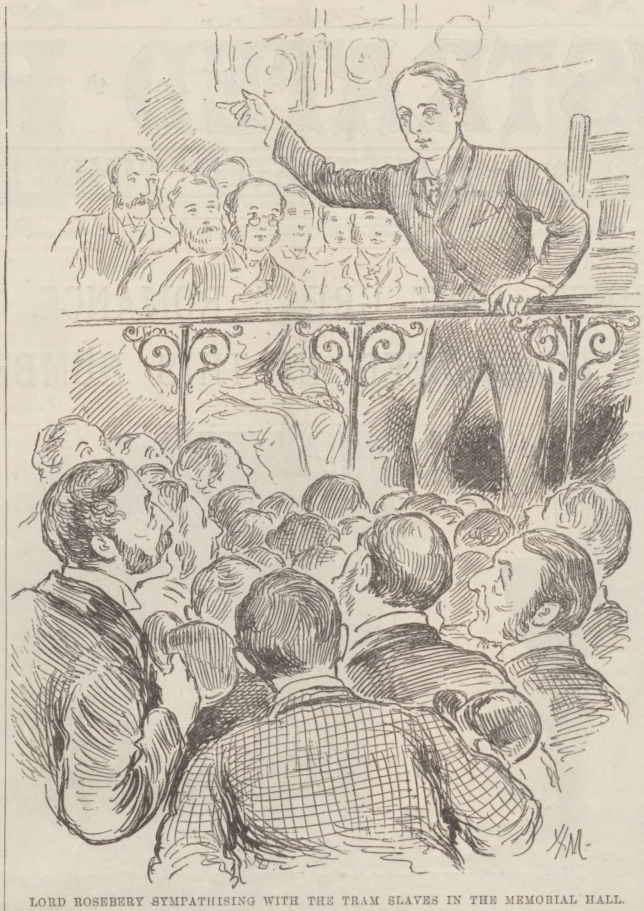


LORD ROSEBERY SYMPATHISING WITH THE TRAM SLAVES IN THE MEMORIAL HALL.

PERSONAL POLITICS

How the "Contemporary" Article was Written.

I SEE that some newspapers are still absurdly disputing as to whether Mr. Gladstone is really the author of the article on the Triple Alliance in the *Contemporary Review*. Let me assure these belated journalists that they are hopelessly out of it, and that Mr. Gladstone is absolutely the author. There is not the faintest shadow of a doubt about it. I can practically give the internal history of the writing of the famous manifesto. The idea of it was first conceived in Italy, where Mr. Gladstone made inquiries into Italian finances, and, as an old English Budget-maker, was shocked at the discovery that Italy was only one or two steps removed from bankruptcy. Tracing this serious state of things to its source, Mr. Gladstone discovered it in the enormously increased military and naval expenditure, consequent on Italy's attachment to the Triple Alliance. The idea thus taken root grew and fructified in Paris, where, after talking the matter over in his usual eager and impetuous way to a good many of his friends, Mr. Gladstone wrote the article in the intervals of receptions, dinners, and visits to the Exhibition.

Why it was Written.

Now as to the linking of Mr. Gladstone's name to the article. To this, again, the ex-Premier, reasoning in his rather roundabout fashion, argued that there was no objection to his name leaking out through another source provided he did not identify himself openly with the authorship. That, Mr. Gladstone conceived, would be a direct insult to many Sovereigns of States with whom he had been in personal relations, and, as the point of courtesy is always uppermost in Mr. Gladstone's mind, that was a consideration that would have more hold upon him than people who have only a slight knowledge of his character might suppose. So long as he did not attach his name to the article Mr. Gladstone conceived that, even though his association with it was known, the article would be taken as a severe lecture by a friend who, though his identity was perfectly well ascertained, was not addressing his audience *in propria persona*. So there was really no real betrayal of Mr. Gladstone's secret at all; or, if it was a betrayal at all, it was done with the willing consent of the betrayed. As for the object of the article, that was to draw England back again to the attitude of non-intervention which Mr. Gladstone believes Lord Salisbury has abandoned in favour of some kind of union with the Triple Alliance. Mr. Gladstone thinks this simply means an engagement on our part to help Germany to reconquer Alsace and Lorraine if those provinces revolt against German rule. He thinks that perfectly iniquitous, and he also considers the quarrel between France and Italy unnatural. Those are the inspiring motives of the article, which has so interested Mr. Gladstone during the last few weeks that he has even ceased to talk about Ireland.

The Liberal Carnot.

The programme-making of the Liberal Party has now become quite a fine art, and at each November caucus of the Manchester Liberal Federation a regular campaign is opened for the purpose of influencing the decision of the executive one way or another. The man who has practically had most influence in the drawing up of this yearly programme is Mr. Schnadhorst, who now, being crippled by rheumatism at Buxton, and hardly able to write a legible hand, is necessarily drawn to a certain extent from a most important part of his work. Mr. Schnadhorst was a tradesman in Birmingham before he became the boss of the Birmingham caucus and organiser of victory for Mr. Chamberlain. When the Home Rule split came Mr. Schnadhorst abandoned Mr. Chamberlain for Mr. Gladstone, and became the organising centre of the reconstituted Liberal Party. Personally, perhaps, Mr. Schnadhorst has as little resemblance to the conventional organiser as can be imagined. A small man, with large, dark eyes and rather Jewish cast of face, a very soft, low voice, and a deliberate method of speech, gold-rimmed spectacles, and an absolutely quiet and unemotional demeanour—these, combined with a serious and growing deafness, are Mr. Schnadhorst's outward characteristics. His mental equipment for his task is caution, a habit of looking at all sides of a question, reading every party newspaper, watching every party development, and a capacity for writing extremely diplomatic letters. He has a profound admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and a great belief in Mr. John Morley, whose council he consequently seeks, and whose speeches he thinks infinitely superior to anything that Mr. Chamberlain ever did, even in his best days. He is a simple family man, and he lives at Highgate.

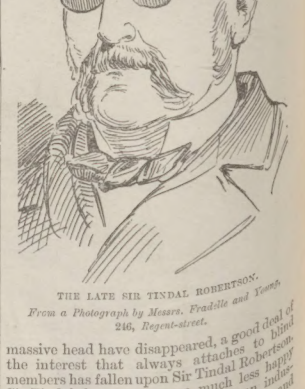
Lord Monkswell.

Lord Rosebery has surprised a good many of his friends by the way in which he is identifying himself with the cause of the tram-men, and the rousing speech which he delivered at the Farringdon midnight meeting. The fact is that Lord Rosebery was genuinely touched by the pathetic story of the tram-men's woes to which he had just listened. If, however, Lord Rosebery's presence was a little of a surprise, I am not very much astonished to find Lord Monkswell on the platform. Young Lord Monkswell is one of the most sympathetic members of the London County Council, with a dark, resolute face, a good speaker, wielding a ready pen, and a very courteous gentleman. The present Lord, when he was the Hon. Robert Collier, was a very go-ahead politician indeed. Like other lads, he journalised a bit. He fought one or two forlorn hopes for the Liberals. He attended the House and wrote Parliamentary sketches. The whole family, indeed, were workers—his brother, John Collier, being the famous painter. Lord Monkswell's father was the famous Sir Robert Collier, Mr. Gladstone's old law officer, and afterwards a Judge and Peer.

LORD MONKSWELL.

Sir Tindal Robertson.

Poor Sir Tindal Robertson! I cannot say, with Hamlet, that "I knew him well," but I had a slight acquaintance with him, and, like other habitués of the House of Commons, I was very familiar with his upright, soldierly bearing, his face drawn into sharp lines with pain, and with that curious sightless look upon it which belongs only to the blind. He was not such an imposing figure as the late Mr. Fawcett, who with his boylike secretary was for years the most interesting man to be seen. But since that towering figure and massive head have disappeared, a good deal of the interest that always attaches to blind members has fallen upon Sir Tindal Robertson. Sir Tindal, however, was a much less happy man than Mr. Fawcett. Though an industrious and steadily voting Conservative, and a good member of Committees, he had not great place in the House, and he was not endowed with Mr. Fawcett's superb physique. He suffered intensely from pains in the head, which gave a tint of pallor to his countenance, and more than a touch of melancholy to his life. It was from this cause that his blindness arose, and he was constantly fearing a development of his old malady. He got into Parliament as the organiser of Conservatism at Brighton. Originally a doctor, he afterwards studied for the Bar, and was making good way in his profession when the party at Brighton remembered his services and insisted on becoming Sir William Marriott's colleague. He was an effective, perhaps rather a violent,



THE LATE SIR TINDAL ROBERTSON.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent-street.

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speaker, and a very good fellow, with, as I said, a shadow of his calamity clouding an otherwise successful life. He was not a rich man, and it must have cost him something to maintain his position in London, for he went a good deal into society, and was much interested in theatrical matters.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

So the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has jumped into the fray on the side of Mr. McDougall—who, by the way, is a Wesleyan like Mr. Hughes—in the music-hall controversy. Mr. Hughes is now practically the leader of the younger and more forward of the Nonconformist ministers in London. He is a young man, with stiff black hair, black eyes, with spectacles in front of them, and a strong self-contained face. The face, indeed, is a clue to the character, which is vigorous, narrow, single-minded, and inspiringly energetic. Mr. Hughes's Sunday night conferences in St. James's Hall have become a feature of London life. The music, the preaching, the method are all new. Mr. Hughes has a wife who is almost as remarkable as her husband. The intense spiritual face—the almost conventual dress, the manner—all are reminders of a state of things that we once thought was quite outworn. Are we getting back to it?

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Lord Zetland

happened to be sworn in as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland the day Mr. Conybeare, M.P., passed through Dublin after his release from prison. The Earl of Zetland (as an Irishman would put it) is mainly noted for his charming wife, a noblewoman of brilliant beauty. The Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart., is third Earl of Zetland. Son of the late Mr. John Charles Dundas, of Woodhall, Yorkshire, Lord Zetland succeeded the second Earl, his uncle, famous as a Freemason and as a sportsman, in 1873. The noble Earl is a little over forty-five years of age, and has genial personal qualifications for the high office to which Lord Salisbury has appointed him. His Lordship, who held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards, had the good fortune in 1871 to marry Lady Lilian Lumley, third daughter of the late Earl of Scarborough. They have several children. I fancy Dublin Society will at least admit that the Marquis of Londonderry has an urbane successor. The Portrait of Lord Zetland is from the photograph taken by Mr. Lafayette, 30, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

Henry Morley.

A well-known name in modern English literature is that of Henry Morley, who until quite recently held the chair of Literature at University College. The ex-Professor has now definitely taken up his residence at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY.

Here he is devoting himself with customary zeal to his numerous editorial functions, and, above all, to his monumental work called "English Writers," of which four volumes have already been published by Messrs. Cassell's, and some twenty more are promised. It sounds a formidable array, truly; but, if you buy the first volume, you cannot fail to read the others. Mr. Morley discourses of Layamon and Caedmon with so much fluency and enthusiasm that one is bound to be captivated. There is no great insight in the Professor—we can never think of him otherwise than as Professor Morley—but there is boundless energy and enthusiasm, and these, combined with a charmingly genial manner, made him a great success at University College, where, indeed, he was well-nigh worshipped.

The National Library.

Perhaps the very best of Professor Morley's numerous undertakings is Cassell's "National Library," for a volume of which he writes every week an introductory essay. Every week, mind. I have only written one "introductory essay" in my life, and for some days I was nearly driven distracted by the complaints of the too cautious publisher that a libel might lurk here or there in its midst. But I merely recall this ancient experience as against Mr. Morley's of fifty-two prefaces per annum, and a hundred besides. In the "National Library" there are books on every possible subject—poems and drama, stories and biographies. You will have a good library and be a well-informed man if you make yourself thoroughly acquainted with all these little sixpenny volumes.

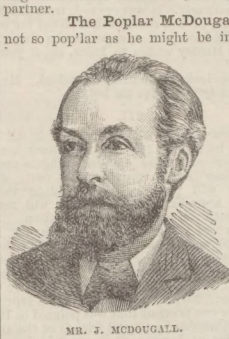
THE EARL OF ZETLAND, THE NEW VICEROY OF IRELAND.

The Three Morleys.

The editor of the "National Library" has had a chequered career. Henry Morley was born at Midhurst, in Sussex, sixty-seven years ago. He was educated at the Moravian School, at Neuwied-on-the-Rhine, where the bread is tough, and there is not too much of it. He practised medicine for a season, then had a turn as a schoolmaster, and finally joined the staff of *Household Words*. He resided at Hampstead during his London professorship. Many mistakes have arisen from the confusion on the part of ill-informed people of Professor Morley with Mr. John Morley, M.P. Letters addressed to John Morley, of Putney, would arrive at the house of Henry, and vice versâ. Now this was hard on John, for he is a much abler man than the professor, and his books show insight, genius, inspiration. But perhaps it is even worse when John and Henry, who are in no way related, are assumed to be connected with the famous Wood-street firm which sells gloves and hosiery. Of the hosiery firm Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., who is also a large shareholder in the *Daily News*, is a sleeping partner.

The Poplar McDougall—

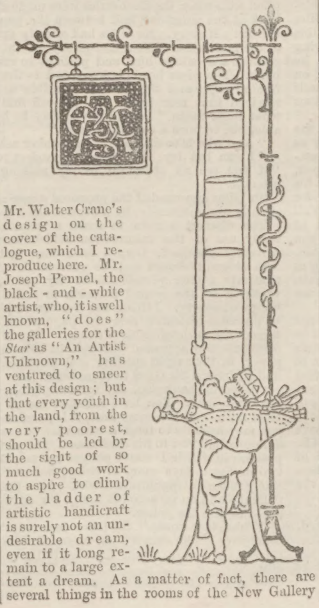
not so pop'lar as he might be in Music Hall circles—has been taking notes with a vengeance at these places of recreation, and, faith! he has been publishing his impressions of public performers thereat. He is a Manchester man, aged forty-five, and combines the wide-awakeness of a "Lancashire lad" with the canny shrewdness he derives from his Scottish descent. Being a retired manufacturer, of the firm of McDougall Brothers, Millwall Flour Mills, he has leisure to serve his fellow-citizens on the London County Council. He there represents the Poplar Division of the Tower Hamlets. But, like other public functionaries, Mr. McDougall should remember Talleyrand's injunction to a budding diplomatist: "Especially beware of too much zeal!" He has my cordial support in his crusade against certain obscene comic songs, which managers should have stamped out long ago of their own accord. But why on earth should he strive to drive from the music-hall stage so unexceptional a class of "sketch" as "The Stowaway," in which that excellent artist Miss Jenny Hill has been delighting thousands at the Paragon and Canterbury Theatre of Varieties? Mr. McDougall unquestionably exceeded his duty in causing its withdrawal. I trust that Commonsense will prevail in the London County Council, and that the majority will not sanction the mischievous zeal of the McDougall.



MR. J. MCDOUGALL.

The "Arts and Crafts."

Things were very bright and gay at the New Gallery on Saturday, when I looked in at the private view. There was Lady Colin Campbell in one of the most dazzling of dresses, and Mr. Oscar Wilde in the most prosaic of costumes—quite different to when, in velveteen coat, knee-breeches and buckled shoes, he amused the *gamins* of New York and Boston. I have said there was much brightness and gaiety, and, indeed, it is impossible to praise the "Arts and Crafts" too highly for bringing together so many lovely fabrics and decorations. The main point of the exhibition, however, is to be found in



Mr. Walter Crane's design on the cover of the catalogue, which I reproduce here. Mr. Joseph Pennel, the black-and-white artist, who, it is well known, "does" the galleries for the *Star* as "An Artist Unknown," has ventured to sneer at this design; but that every youth in the land, from the very poorest, should be led by the sight of so much good work to aspire to climb the ladder of artistic handicraft is surely not an undesirable dream, even if it long remain to a large extent a dream. As a matter of fact, there are several things in the rooms of the New Gallery which are the actual results of the labour of poor workmen. One of Mr. William Morris's friends pointed out to me with much pride some illuminated work by an Edmund Reuter, who, he said, had been entirely inspired by seeing Mr. Morris's beautiful illuminations in the previous year's exhibition.

A Chat with John Burns.

I had a chat with John Burns in a quiet corner of the New Gallery on Saturday. The hero of the Great Strike looks considerably aged; and well he may. "For three nights at a time," he said, "not one of us took off our clothes." (No wonder John wanted that Turkish bath which his enemies counted so much of a luxury!) "And then," he continued, "the fearful anxieties, the doubts and misgivings. Women coming to us, with babes at the breast, praying for bread. Big men fainting for lack of food. And then much of the money which was subscribed did not reach us till all was over. It was a terrible experience." I shook hands with John with a secure sense that here I had met a real man.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Theatre-Going

is being actively resumed in town. From every quarter I hear Mr. Willard is doing extremely well with "The Middleman" at the cosy Shaftesbury. You can judge for yourselves any night how attractive "The Dead Heart" is at the Lyceum, and "London Day by Day" at the Adelphi, from the crowds that flock outside the pit entrance and overflow on to the Strand pavement. "A Man's Shadow" is equally powerful in powers of attraction. The indomitable energy of Mr. Augustus Harris has been forcibly shown at old Drury, looking spick and span with its new decorations. The grand historic drama of "The Royal Oak," in which Roundheads are belittled and Cavaliers exalted, has been so compressed that it goes remarkably well now. "The Royal Oak" was, indeed, so well curtailed on the night of my second visit that it was over, Charles the Second's triumphant return and all, by half past ten. Would that every play ended as soon! I am glad to hear that Mr. Freeman Thomas prevailed upon Mr. Gwyllym Crowe to conduct the closing series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, which was filled to overflowing last Saturday night by a vast audience that keenly relished the military "go" of the new battle-piece, "Waterloo." That's the brisk and lively sort of music to draw the thousands.

In French soil a plant will flourish and bear good fruit, but brought to England the leaves may wither and the flowers fade. It is so with plays. At the Déjazet Theatre "La Garçonnière" was in boisterous health, but transplanted to Toole's Theatre, and renamed "The Bungalow," it has hardly power to run. Mr. Fred. Horner, who redressed the play, had a difficult task to perform, and perhaps he is hardly to be blamed if here and there a stitch has been dropped, and now and then a broken thread has been roughly joined. The plot of the piece is very simple. An artist's model privately poses in the studios of old gentlemen—and young ones; goes with them on boating and other expeditions, and then threatens and terrifies them until her much is closed by big cheques being drawn in her favour. Some fair acting is shown by Mr. Yorke Stephens and Mr. Charles Glenney; some clever characterisation is exhibited by Mr. F. Kaye and Mr. Compton Coutts, while Miss Helen Forsythe, Miss Cissy Grahame, and Miss Vane Featherston look picturesque in a variety of pretty dresses. To Miss Cicely Richards falls the duty of figuring as the unprofessional model, and Miss Sallie Turner supplies some fun as a jealous wife. At the fall of the curtain Mr. Horner beamed and bowed behind his gold-rimmed glasses, as who should say, "What a good boy am I!"

A practised hand at pantomime-writing, Mr. Geoffrey Thorn (or Mr. Townley, to give his correct name) is engaged in furnishing some half-dozen London and country playhouses with Christmas pieces. He is a master at the game, so he should do well as a burlesque-writer. For a fair sample of Geoffrey Thorn's smart style, drop into the Islington Grand, and note how he has taken ready advantage of the McDougall and Benzon topics in "Dandy Dick Turpin," as enacted with surprising "vim" and dash by nimble and songful Miss Fanny Leslie, one of the most accomplished of variety artists. I reckon Fanny Leslie is about to enliven the provinces with "Dandy Dick Turpin," but tarries, while at the Grand, to "get her hand in," with the efficient aid of charming Miss Florence Dysart and comely Miss Julia Warden. A capital theme is worked in a jolly vein.

Mr. Burnand's side-splitting farcical comedy of "Betsy" has been succeeded by Tom Robertson's favourite comedy "Caste," inseparably associated with the Bancrofts. "Caste" is ever welcome. Nobody expects to see it acted to perfection as it was at the old Prince of Wales's. You may revive "Caste," but not the original cast. Still, the present cast at the Criterion affords a very relishable version of the delightful comedy:—

The Hon. George D'Alroy, Mr Leonard Boyne; Captain Hawtree, Mr. Arthur Elwood; Eccles, Mr. David James; Sam Gerridge, Mr. Charles Brookfield; Marquise de St. Maur, Mrs. Charles Poole; Esther Eccles, Miss Olga Brandon; Polly Eccles, Miss Lottie Venne.

BLIND LOVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[*The Right of Translation is Reserved.*]

THE PROLOGUE.

I.

SOON after sunrise, on a cloudy morning in the year 1881, a special messenger disturbed the repose of Dennis Howmore, at his place of residence in the pleasant Irish town of Ardoon.

Well acquainted apparently with the way upstairs, the man thumped on a bed-room door, and shouted his message through it: "The master wants you, and mind you don't keep him waiting."

The person sending this peremptory message was Sir Giles Mountjoy of Ardoon; knight and banker. The person receiving the message was Sir Giles's head clerk. As a matter of course, Dennis Howmore dressed himself at full speed, and hastened to his employer's private house on the outskirts of the town.

He found Sir Giles in an irritable and anxious state of mind. A letter lay open on the banker's bed; his night-cap was crumpled crookedly on his head; he was in too great a hurry to remember the claims of politeness, when the clerk said "Good morning."

"Dennis, I have got something for you to do. It must be kept a secret, and it allows of no delay."

"Is it anything connected with business, sir?"

The banker lost his temper. "How can you be such an infernal fool as to suppose that anything connected with business could happen at this time in the morning? Do you know the first milestone on the road to Garvan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Go to the milestone, and take care that nobody sees you when you get there. Look at the back of the stone. If you discover an Object which appears to have been left in that situation, on the ground, bring it to me; and don't forget that the most impatient man in all Ireland is waiting for you."

Not a word of explanation followed these extraordinary instructions.

The head clerk set forth on his errand, with his mind dwelling on the national tendencies to conspiracy and assassination. His employer was not a popular person. Sir Giles had paid rent when he owed it: and, worse still, was disposed to remember in a friendly spirit what England had done for Ireland, in the course of the last fifty years. If anything appeared to justify distrust of the mysterious Object of which he was in search, Dennis resolved to be vigilantly on the look-out for a gun-barrel, whenever he passed a hedge on his return journey to the town.

Arrived at the milestone, he discovered on the ground behind it one Object only—a fragment of a broken tea-cup.

Naturally enough, Dennis hesitated. It seemed to be impossible that the earnest and careful instructions which he had received could relate to such a trifle as this. At the same time, he was acting under orders which were as positive as tone, manner, and language could make them. Passive obedience appeared to be the one safe course to take—at the risk of a reception, irritating to any man's self-respect, when he returned to his employer with a broken tea-cup in his hand.

The event entirely failed to justify his misgivings. There could be no doubt that Sir Giles attached serious importance to the contemptible discovery made at the milestone. After having examined and re-examined the fragment, he announced his intention of sending the clerk on a second errand—still without troubling himself to explain what his incomprehensible instructions meant.

"If I am not mistaken," he began, "the Reading Rooms, in our town, open as early as nine. Very well. Go to the Rooms this morning, on the stroke of the clock." He stopped, and consulted the letter which lay open on his bed. "Ask the librarian," he continued, "for the third volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Open the book at pages seventy-eight and seventy-nine. If you find a piece of paper between those two leaves, take possession of it when nobody is looking at you, and bring it to me. That's all, Dennis. And bear in mind that I shall not recover the use of my patience till I see you again."

On ordinary occasions, the head clerk was not a man accustomed to insist on what was due to his dignity. At the same time he was a sensible human being, conscious of the consideration to which his responsible place in the office entitled him. Sir Giles's irritating reserve, not even excused by a word of apology, reached the limits of his endurance. He respectfully protested.

"I regret to find, sir," he said, "that I have lost my place in my employer's estimation. The man to whom you confide the superintendence of your clerks and the transaction of your business has, I venture to think, some claim (under the present circumstances) to be trusted."

The banker was now offended on his side.

"I readily admit your claim," he answered, "when you are sitting at your desk in my office. But, even in these days of strikes, co-operations, and bank holidays, an employer has one privilege left—he has not ceased to be a Man; and he has not forfeited a man's right to keep his own secrets. I fail to see anything in my conduct which has given you just reason to complain."

Dennis, rebuked, made his bow in silence, and withdrew.

Did these acts of humility mean that he submitted? They meant exactly the contrary. He had made up his mind that Sir Giles Mountjoy's motives should, sooner or later, cease to be mysteries to Sir Giles Mountjoy's clerk.

II.

Carefully following his instructions, he consulted the third volume of Gibbon's great History, and found, between the seventy-eighth and seventy-ninth pages, something remarkable this time.

It was a sheet of delicately made paper, pierced with a number of little holes, infinitely varied in size, and cut with the smoothest precision. Having secured this curious object, while the librarian's back was turned, Dennis Howmore reflected.

A page of paper, unintelligibly perforated for some purpose unknown, was in itself a suspicious thing. And what did suspicion suggest to the inquiring mind in South-Western Ireland, before the suppression of the Land League? Unquestionably—Police!

On the way back to his employer, the banker's clerk paid a visit to an old friend—a journalist by profession; and a man of varied learning and experience as well. Invited to inspect the remarkable morsel of paper, and to discover the object with which the perforations had been made, the authority consulted proved to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. Dennis left the newspaper-office an enlightened man—with information at the disposal of Sir Giles, and with a sense of relief which expressed itself irreverently in these words: "Now I have got him!"

The bewildered banker looked backwards and forwards from the paper to the clerk, and from the clerk to the paper. "I don't understand it," he said. "Do you?"

Still preserving the appearance of humility, Dennis asked leave to venture on a guess. The perforated paper looked, as he thought, like a Puzzle. "If we wait for a day or two," he suggested, "the Key to it may possibly reach us."

On the next day, nothing happened. On the day after, a second letter made another audacious demand on the fast-failing patience of Sir Giles Mountjoy.

Even the envelope proved to be a Puzzle on this occasion; the postmark was "Ardoon." In other words, the writer had used the postman as a messenger, while he or his accomplice was actually in the town, posting the letter within half a minute's walk of the bank! The contents presented an impenetrable mystery; the writing looked worthy of a madman. Sentences appeared in the wildest state of confusion, and words were so mutilated as to be unintelligible. This time, the force of circumstances was more than Sir Giles could resist. He took the clerk into his confidence at last.

"Let us begin at the beginning," he said. "There is the letter you saw on my bed, when I first sent for you. I found it waiting on my table when I woke; and I don't know who put it there. Read it."

Dennis read as follow:—

"Sir Giles Mountjoy,—I have a disclosure to make, in which one of the members of your family is seriously interested. Before I can venture to explain myself, I must be assured that I can trust to your good faith. As a test of this, I require you to fulfil the two conditions that follow—and to do it without the slightest loss of time. I dare not trust you yet with my address, or my signature. Any act of carelessness, on my part, might end fatally for the true friend who writes these lines. If you neglect this warning, you will regret it to the end of your life."

To the conditions on which the letter insisted there is no need to allude. They had been complied with when the discoveries were made at the back of the milestone, and between the pages of Gibbon's History. Sir Giles had already arrived at the conclusion that a conspiracy was in progress to assassinate him, and perhaps to rob the bank. The wiser head clerk pointed to the perforated paper and the incomprehensible writing received that morning. "If we can find out what these mean," he said, "you may be better able, Sir, to form a correct opinion."

"And who is to do that?" the banker asked.

"I can but try, sir," was the modest reply, "if you see no objection to my making the attempt."

Sir Giles approved of the proposed experiment, silently and satirically, by a bend of his head.

Too discreet a man to make a suspiciously ready use of the information which he had privately obtained, Dennis took care that his first attempt should not be successful. After modestly asking permission to try again, he ventured on the second occasion to arrive at a happy discovery. Lifting the perforated paper, he placed it delicately over the page which contained the unintelligible writing. Words and sentences now appeared (through the holes in the paper) in their right spelling and arrangement, and addressed Sir Giles in these terms:—

"I beg to thank you, sir, for complying with my conditions. You have satisfied me of your good faith. At the same time, it is possible that you may hesitate to trust a man who is not yet able to admit you to his confidence. The perilous position in which I stand obliges me to ask for two or three days more of delay, before I can safely make an appointment with you. Pray be patient—and on no account apply for advice or protection to the police."

"Those last words," Sir Giles declared, "are conclusive! The sooner I am under the care of the law the better. Take my card to the police-office."

"May I say a word first, sir?"

"Do you mean that you don't agree with me?"

"I mean that."

"You were always an obstinate man, Dennis; and it grows on you as you get older. Never mind! Let's have it out. Who do *you* say is the person pointed at in these rascally letters?"

The head clerk took up the first letter of the two, and pointed to the opening sentence: "Sir Giles Mountjoy, I have a disclosure to make in which one of the members of your family is seriously interested." Dennis emphatically repeated the words: "one of the members of your family." His employer regarded him with a broad stare of astonishment.

"One of the members of my family?" Sir Giles repeated, on his side. "Why, man alive, what are you thinking of? I'm an old bachelor, and I haven't got a family."

"There is your brother, sir."

"My brother is in France—out of the way of the wretches who are threatening me. I wish I was with him!"

"There are your brother's two sons, Sir Giles."

"Well? And what is there to be afraid of? My nephew, Hugh, is in London—and, mind! not on a political errand. I hope, before long, to hear that he is going to be married—if the strangest and nicest girl in England will have him. What's wrong now?"

Dennis explained. "I only wished to say, sir, that I was thinking of your other nephew."

Sir Giles laughed. "Arthur in danger!" he exclaimed. "As harmless a young man as ever lived. The worst one can say of him is that he is throwing away his money—farming in Kerry."

"Excuse me, Sir Giles; there's not much chance of his throwing away his money, where he is now. Nobody will venture to take his money. I met with one of Mr. Arthur's neighbours at the market yesterday. Your nephew is boycotted."

"So much the better," the obstinate banker declared. "He will be cured of his craze for farming; and he will come back to the place I am keeping for him in the office."

"God grant it!" the clerk said fervently.

For the moment, Sir Giles was staggered. "Have you heard something that you haven't told me yet?" he asked.

"No, sir. I am only bearing in mind something which—with all respect—I think you have forgotten. The last tenant on that bit of land in Kerry refused to pay his rent. Mr. Arthur has taken what they call an evicted farm. It's my firm belief," said the head clerk, rising and speaking earnestly, "that the person who has addressed those letters to you knows Mr. Arthur, and knows he is in danger—and is trying to save your nephew (by means of your influence), at the risk of his own life."

Sir Giles shook his head. "I call that a far-fetched interpretation, Dennis. If what you say is true, why didn't the writer of those anonymous letters address himself to Arthur, instead of to me?"

"I gave it as my opinion just now, sir, that the writer of the letter knew Mr. Arthur."

"So you did. And what of that?"

Dennis stood to his guns.

"Anybody who is acquainted with Mr. Arthur," he persisted, "knows that (with all sorts of good qualities) the young gentleman is headstrong and rash. If a friend told him he was in danger on the farm, that would be enough of itself to make him stop where he is, and brave it out. Whereas you, sir, are known to be cautious and careful, and farseeing and discreet." He might have added: And cowardly and obstinate, and narrow-minded and inflated by stupid self-esteem. But respect for his employer had blindfolded the clerk's observation for many a long year past. If one man may be born with the heart of a lion, another man may be born with the mind of a mule. Dennis's master was one of the other men.

"Very well put," Sir Giles answered indulgently. "Time will show, if such an entirely unimportant person as my nephew Arthur is likely to be assassinated. That allusion to one of the members of my family is a mere equivocation, designed to throw me off my guard. Rank, money, social influence, unswerving principles, mark ME out as a public character. Go to the police-office, and let the best man who happens to be off duty come here directly."

Good Dennis Howmore approached the door very unwillingly. It was opened, from the outer side, before he had reached that end of the room. One of the bank porters announced a visitor.

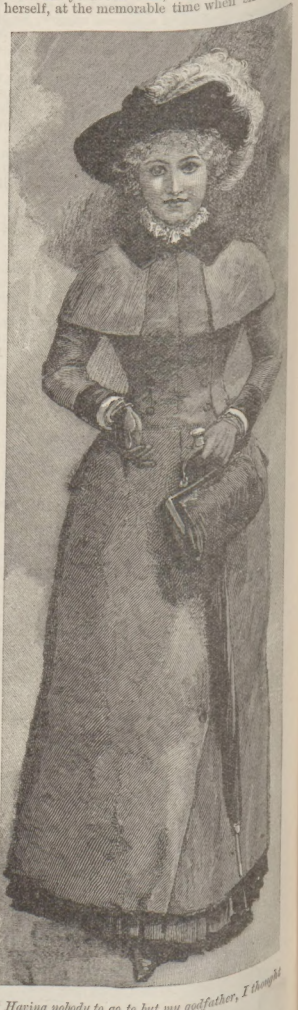
"Miss Henley wishes to know, sir, if you can see her."

Sir Giles looked agreeably surprised. He rose with alacrity to receive the lady.

III.

When Iris Henley dies there will, in all probability, be friends left who remember her and talk of her—and there may be strangers present at the time (women for the most part) whose curiosity will put questions relating to her personal appearance. No replies will reward them with trustworthy information. Miss Henley's chief claim to admiration lay in a remarkable mobility of expression, which reflected every change of feeling peculiar to the nature of a sweet and sensitive woman. For this reason, probably, no descriptions of her will agree with each other. No existing likenesses will represent her. The one portrait that was painted of Iris is only recognisable by partial friends of the artist. In and out of London, photographic likenesses were taken of her. They have the honour of resembling the portraits of Shakespeare in this respect—compared with one another, it is not possible to discover that they present the same person. As for the evidence offered by the loving memory of her friends, it is sure to be contradictory in the last degree. She had a charming face, a commonplace face, an intelligent face—a poor complexion, a delicate complexion, no complexion at all—eyes that were expressive of a hot temper, of a bright intellect, of a firm character, of an affectionate disposition, of a truthful nature, of hysterical sensibility, of inveterate obstinacy—a figure too short; no, just the right height; no, neither one thing nor the other; elegant, if you like—dress shabby: oh, surely not; dress quiet and simple; no, something more than that; ostentatiously quiet, theatrically simple, worn with the object of looking unlike other people. In one last word, was this mass of contradictions generally popular, in the time when it was a living creature? Yes—among the men. No—not invariably. The man of all others who ought to have been fondest of Iris—her own father. And, when the poor creature was the man who behaved cruelly to Iris—her married (if she did marry), how many of you attended the wedding? Not one of us! And when she died, how many of you were sorry for her? All of us! What? no difference of opinion in that one particular? On the contrary, perfect concord, thank God.

Let the years roll back, and let Iris speak for herself, at the memorable time when she was in the prime of her life, and when a stormy career was before her.



"Having nobody to go to but my godfather, I thought I should like to see You."

IV.

Being Miss Henley's godfather, Sir Giles was a privileged person. He laid his hairy hands on her shoulders, and kissed her on either cheek. After that prefatory act of endearment, he made his inquiries. What extraordinary combination of events had led Iris to leave London, and had brought her to visit him in his banking-house at Ardoon?

"I wanted to get away from home," she answered; "and having nobody to go to but my godfather, I thought I should like to see You."

"Alone!" cried Sir Giles.

"No—with my maid to keep me company."

"Only your maid, Iris? Surely you have acquaintances among young ladies like yourself?"

"Acquaintances—yes. No friends."

"Does your father approve of what you have done?"

"Will you grant me a favour, godpapa?"

"Yes—if I can."

"Don't insist on my answering your last question."

The faint colour that had risen in her face when she entered the room, left it. At the same time, the expression of her mouth altered. The lips closed firmly; revealing that strongest of all resolutions which is founded on a keen sense of wrong. She looked older than her age: what she might be ten years hence, she was now. Sir Giles understood her. He got up and took a

turn in the room. An old habit, of which he had cured himself with infinite difficulty when he was made a Knight, showed itself again. He put his hands in his pockets.

"You and your father have had another quarrel," he said, stopping opposite Iris.

"I don't deny it," she replied.

"Who is to blame?"

She smiled bitterly. "The woman is always to blame."

"Did your father tell you that?"

"My father reminded me that I was twenty-one years old, last birthday—and told me that I could do as I liked. I understood him, and I left the house."

"You will go back again, I suppose?"

"I don't know."

Sir Giles began pacing the room once more. His rugged face, telling its story of disaster and struggle in early life, showed signs of disappointment and distress.

"Hugh promised to write to me," he said, "and he has not written. I know what that means; I know what you have done to offend your father. My nephew has asked you to marry him for the second time. And for the second time you have refused."

Her face softened; its better and younger aspect revived. "Yes," she said, sadly and submissively; "I have refused him again."

Sir Giles lost his temper. "What the devil is your objection to Hugh?" he burst out.

"My father said the same thing to me," she replied, "almost in the same words. I made him angry when I tried to give my reason. I don't want to make you angry too."

He took no notice of this. "Isn't Hugh a good fellow?" he went on. "Isn't he affectionate? and kindhearted? and honourable?—ay, and a handsome man too, if you come to that."

"Hugh is all that you say. I like him; I admire him; I owe to his kindness some of the happiest days of my sad life, and I am grateful—with all my heart, I am grateful to Hugh!"

"If that's true, Iris"——

"Every word of it is true."

"I say, if that's true—there's no excuse for you. I hate perversity in a young woman! Why don't you marry him?"

"Try to feel for me," she said gently; "I can't love him."

Her tone said more to the banker than her words had expressed. The secret sorrow of her life, which was known to her father, was known also to Sir Giles.

"Now we have come to it at last!" he said. "You can't love my nephew Hugh. And you won't tell me the reason why, because your sweet temper shrinks from making me angry. Shall I mention the reason for you, my dear? I can do it in two words—Lord Harry."

She made no reply; she showed no sign of feeling what he had just said. Her head sank a little; her hands clasped themselves on her lap; the obstinate resignation which can submit to anything hardened her face, stiffened her figure—and that was all.

The banker was determined not to spare her.

"It's easy to see," he resumed, "that you have not got over your infatuation for that vagabond yet. Go where he may, into the vilest places and among the lowest people, he carries your heart along with him. I wonder you are not ashamed of such an attachment as that."

He had stung her at last. She roused herself, and answered him.

"Harry has led a wild life," she said; "he has committed serious faults, and he may live to do worse than he has done yet. To what degradation bad company, and a bad bringing up may lead him, I leave his enemies to foresee. But I tell you this, he has redeeming qualities which Jove, and people like you, are not good Christians enough to discover. He has friends who can still appreciate him—your nephew, Arthur Mountjoy, is one of them. Oh, I know it by Arthur's letters to me! Blame Lord Harry as you may, I tell you he has the capacity for repentance in him, and one day—when it is too late, I dare say—he will show it. I can never be his wife. We are parted, never in all likelihood to meet again. Well! he is the only man whom I have ever loved; and he is the only man whom I ever shall love. If you think this state of mind proves that I am as bad as he is, I won't contradict you. Do we any of us know how bad we are?—— Have you heard of Harry lately?"

The sudden transition, from an earnest and devoted defence of the man to an easy and familiar inquiry about him, startled Sir Giles.

For the moment, he had nothing to say: Iris had made him think. She had shown a capacity for mastering her strongest feelings, at the moment when they threatened to overcome her. Which is very rarely found in a young woman. How to manage her was a problem for patient resolution to solve. The banker's obstinacy, rather than his conviction, had encouraged him to hold to the hope of Hugh's marriage, even after his nephew had been refused for the second time. His headstrong goddaughter had come to visit him of her own accord. She had not forgotten the days of her childhood, when he had some influence over her—when she had found Sir Giles kinder to her than her father had ever been. With Iris saw that he had taken the wrong tone. His anger had not alarmed her; his opinion had not influenced her. In Hugh's interests he determined to try what consideration and indulgence would do towards cultivating the growth of her regard for him. Finding that she had left her maid and her luggage at the hotel, he hospitably insisted on their removal to his own house.

"While you are in Ardoon, Iris, you are my guest," he said.

She pleased him by readily accepting the invitation—and then annoyed him by asking again if he had heard anything of Lord Harry.

He answered shortly and sharply: "I have heard nothing. What is *your* last news of ——News," she said, "which I sincerely hope is not true. An Irish paper has been sent to me, which reports that he has joined the secret society—nothing better than a society of assassins, I am afraid—which is known by the name of the Invincibles."

As she mentioned that formidable brotherhood, Dennis Howmore returned from the police-office. He announced that a Sergeant was then waiting to receive instructions from Sir Giles.

* * *

Iris rose to go. Her godfather courteously stopped her.

"Wait here," he said, "until I have spoken to the Sergeant, and I will escort you to my house. My clerk will do what is necessary at the hotel. You don't look quite satisfied. Is the arrangement that I have proposed not agreeable to you?"

Iris assured him that she gratefully acceded to the arrangement. At the same time, she confessed to having been a little startled, on discovering that he was in consultation with the police. "I remember that we are in Ireland," she explained, "and I am foolish enough to fear that you may be in some danger. May I hope that it is only a trifle?"

Only a trifle! Among other deficient sensibilities in the strange nature of Iris, Sir Giles had observed an imperfect appreciation of the dignity of his social position. Here was a new proof of it! The temptation to inspire sentiments of alarm—not unmingled with admiration—in the mind of his insensible goddaughter, by exhibiting himself as a public character threatened by a conspiracy, was more than the banker's vanity could resist. Before he left the room he instructed Dennis to tell Miss Henley what had happened, and to let her judge for herself whether he had been needlessly alarmed by, what she was pleased to call, "a mere trifle."

Dennis Howmore must have been more than mortal if he could have related his narrative of events without being influenced by his own point of view. On the first occasion when he mentioned Arthur Mountjoy's name, Iris showed a sudden interest in his strange story which took him by surprise.

"You know Mr. Arthur?" he said.

"Know him!" Iris repeated. "He was my playfellow when we were both children. He is as dear to me as if he was my brother. Tell me at once—is he really in danger?"

Dennis honestly repeated what he had already said, on that subject, to his master. Miss Henley, entirely agreeing with him, was eager to warn Arthur of his position. There was no telegraphic communication with the village which was near his farm. She could only write to him; and she did write to him, by that day's post—having reasons of her own for anxiety, which forbade her to show her letter to Dennis. Well aware of the devoted friendship which united Lord Harry and Arthur Mountjoy—and bearing in mind the newspaper report of the Irish lord's rash association with the Invincibles—her fears now identified the noble vagabond as the writer of the anonymous letters, which had so seriously excited her godfather's doubts of his own safety.

When Sir Giles returned, and took her with him to his house, he spoke of his consultation with the Sergeant in terms which increased her dread of what might happen in the future. She was a dull and silent guest, during the interval that elapsed before it would be possible to receive Arthur's reply. The day arrived—and the post brought no relief to her anxieties. The next day passed without a letter. On the morning of the fourth day, Sir Giles rose later than usual. His correspondence was sent to him from the office, at breakfast-time. After opening one of the letters, he dispatched a messenger in hot haste to the police.

"Look at that," he said, handing the letter to Iris. "Does the assassin take me for a fool?"

She read the lines that follow:—

"Unforeseen events force me, Sir Giles, to run a serious risk. I must speak to you, and it must not be by daylight. My one hope of safety is in darkness. Meet me at the first milestone, on the road to Garvan, when the moon sets at ten o'clock to-night. No need to mention your name. The pass-word is: *Fidelity*."

"Do you mean to go?" Iris asked.

"Do I mean to be murdered!" Sir Giles broke out. "My dear child, do, pray, try to think before you speak. The Sergeant will represent me, of course."

"And take the man prisoner?" Iris added.

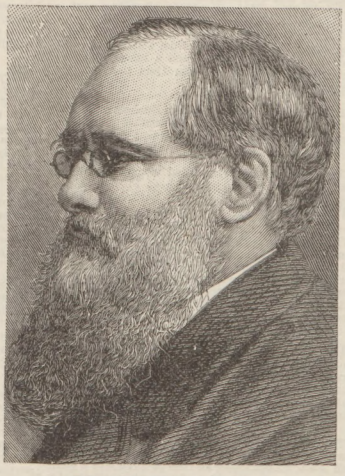
"Certainly!"

With that startling reply, the banker hurried away to receive the police in another room. Iris dropped into the nearest chair. The turn that the affair had now taken filled her with unutterable dismay.

Sir Giles came back, after no very long absence, composed and smiling. The course of proceeding had been settled to his complete satisfaction.

Dressed in private clothes, the Sergeant was to go to the milestone at the appointed time, representing the banker in the darkness, and giving the pass-word. He was to be followed by two of his men who would wait in concealment, within hearing of his whistle, if their services were required. "I want to see the ruffian when he is safely handcuffed," Sir Giles explained; "and I have arranged to wait for the police, to-night, at my office."

There was but one desperate way that Iris could now discern of saving the man who had confided in her godfather's honour, and whose trust had already been betrayed. Never had she loved the outlawed Irish lord—the man whom she was forbidden, and rightly forbidden, to marry—as she loved him at that moment. Let the risk be what it might, this resolute woman had determined that the Sergeant should not be the only person who arrived at the milestone and give the pass-word. There was one devoted friend to Lord Harry, whom she could always trust—and that friend was herself.



THE LATE WILKIE COLLINS.

From a Photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano, Old Bond-street.

Sir Giles withdrew, to look after his business at the bank. She waited until the clock had struck the servants' dinner hour, and then ascended the stairs to her godfather's dressing-room. Opening his wardrobe, she discovered in one part of it a large Spanish cloak, and, in another part, a high-crowned felt hat which he wore on his country excursions. In the dark, here was disguise enough for her purpose.

As she left the dressing-room a measure of precaution occurred to her, which she put in action at once. Telling her maid that she had some purchases to make in the town, she went out, and asked her way to Garvan of the first respectable stranger whom she met in the street. Her object was to walk as far as the first milestone, in daylight, so as to be sure of finding it again by night. She had made herself familiar with the different objects on the road, when she returned to the banker's house.

As the time for the arrest drew nearer, Sir Giles became too restless to wait patiently at home. He went away to the police-office, eager to hear if any new counter-conspiracy had occurred to the authorities.

It was dark soon after eight o'clock, at that time of the year. At nine the servants assembled at the supper-table. They were all downstairs together, talking, and waiting for their meal.

Feeling the necessity of arriving at the place of meeting, in time to keep out of the Sergeant's way, Iris assumed her disguise as the clock struck nine. She left the house without a living creature to notice her, indoors or out. Clouds were gathering over the sky. The waning moon was only to be seen at intervals, as she set forth on her way to the milestone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LATE DOCKERS' STRIKE.

An immense number of legal actions are, it is said, pending arising out of the London dockers' strike. There is scarcely a large commercial firm in London which did not suffer loss, owing to the impossibility of fulfilling their contracts. The question is whether the strike was an influence of so abnormal a character as to set aside the ordinary responsibilities for unfulfilled contracts. According to the London correspondent of the *Northern Echo*, claims have been sent in in various quarters by wholesale, and have in most cases been met by refusal to pay. Up to this present time no action has been entered, everybody apparently waiting for some one else to test the case in a court of law. It is probable that test cases for the various issues raised will in a short time be selected and fought out before the Judges.

Great Fire in Antwerp.—A terrible fire burst out last Sunday night in a sawing-mill in Antwerp, and in a very populous part. The large quantities of wood on fire caused such intense heat that the firemen were unable to reach the seat of the fire, and in an hour it spread so rapidly that twenty houses were soon in flames.

Be Patient.—On a recent Sunday the preacher in a church at Dundee took for the text of his evening discourse the words "Be Patient." The congregation had reason to remember the injunction before he had done, for the service lasted two hours and a quarter, the sermon occupying more than half the time.—*Truth.*

A New Departure in Emigration.—Among the manifold work now on his hands Lord Brassey is concerned with a company of capitalists in the effort to solve the question of assisted emigration. The company have just purchased wide stretches of land in Canada, intending to settle thereon a colony of British labourers, while the undertaking is based on sound commercial principles. It is expected that it will do something to relieve the labour market here, and may be the forerunner of a much more extended system.—*Liverpool Post.*

YES, THE RETURNED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

THERE is no exhibition which calls so specially for notice in this column as that of the Arts and Crafts Society, which was opened on Monday. Only the fortunate few can hang pictures in their rooms; but everyone who has a house must think of paper for his walls, and probably curtains for his windows, and certainly dishes to eat out of and chairs to sit on. In a word, if now-a-days pictures and statues are reserved for the exceptionally rich, the people are most vitally interested in almost every branch of industrial art.

Besides, the society aims specially at making known the craftsman, or workman, who is of the people. He, as well as the artist whose design he carries out, is to have all credit for his share in producing the art work, whether this be a crétonne for a curtain, the illustration for a book, or the stained glass for a window. He is to be given the prominence which he deserves, but which never yet has been granted him. In the greatest periods of industrial art, the craftsman's personality was submerged, as Mr. Crane seems to think it never was until art began to degenerate. If occasionally his name has survived with his work, it is only that we may wonder at the starvation wages paid him, as in the case, for example, of the man to whom we owe that beautiful east window in York Cathedral. It is high time the craftsman should be recognised, as he ought long since to have been. Whether he will do better work for this recognition remains to be seen.

The social aims of the President and so many of the members of the society have not been made apparent in their show, except perhaps in a settle ornamented by a design by Walter Crane—unworthy of him—in which three downcast workmen are intertwined with a scroll bearing the legend "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"; and in a lustre tile panel, designed by Walter Crane and Lewis F. Day, decorated with the motto *Labor vincit omnia*. But of the artistic aims and productions of the artists and craftsmen there are examples enough.

For the sake of simplicity I will begin with the furniture or upholstery department; and here I cannot help saying that a little more method in the hanging and arrangement of the exhibits would have been an immense help to the visitor. The man who comes interested in one particular branch of the decorative art must wander from gallery to gallery looking at everything, in order to make sure that he does not miss something which he came specially to see. The Hanging Committee seem to have worked without system, nor does the catalogue in any way make up for their deficiency.

In the large West Gallery a prominent stand in the centre has been reserved for William Morris, who has, as everyone must expect, some very beautiful things to show. There are hangings of wool, silk, and cotton, in which design and colour are equally fine; most of the designs are his, and the colours are those to which his name now is so frequently given. Many may be new varieties, or new combinations of those we already know so well, but the general effect—and they are draped for general effect—is so much the same that there is really nothing to be said about them which has not been said before. One of the most striking of his exhibits is a beautiful piece of Arras tapestry, with a figure of Peace designed by Burne-Jones. May Morris again sends some of her wonderful embroidery, upon which subject she contributes a paper to the series published in the catalogue. Morris himself is by far the first of these artists and craftsmen; his technical knowledge is greater, his culture broader, his artistic sense finer. If of late years his social sympathies have led him into rather wild theorising, and even made him believe that the artist's first duty is to reform society, he still produces good work. It is a pity that, despite his Socialism, his prices continue to be prohibitive. Morris decorations, like pictures, are as yet only for the rich.

There are other velvets and crétonnes, sent chiefly by Thomas Wardle; but they are arranged so badly, one on top of the other and all in folds, that it is quite impossible to tell anything about them. As was the case last year, carpets are conspicuous by their absence.

To come to actual furniture, the show is, taking it as a whole, poor. The chimney-pieces are not good: indeed, the only one which calls for comment is that sent by C. Hindley and Sons (180), in which panelling and canopy and corner seats are so elaborated that next to no space has been left for the grate. Sideboards and cabinets are commonplace. The members of the Guild and School of Handicraft, from St. Jude's, contribute a very large collection of their work; but, while it shows marked improvement since last year, it still falls very far short of that high standard which the Arts and Crafts Society undertakes to give in its exhibitions. The artisans of the St. Jude's Guild have yet to improve in actual workmanship. If you test the drawers of the music cabinet (213) designed by C. R. Ashbee, for example, and the door of grandfather's clock (791) in the entrance-hall, also designed by Mr. Ashbee, you will find they do not fit, and usefulness is the first essential in all branches of decorative art.

There is little to be said about the few chairs scattered here and there. The Bond-street Bensons have sent round many of the lamps and kettles we have often admired in their window. But I must wait until next week to speak of the rest of the metal-work, as well as of the cartoons and drawings and many other exhibits for which now I have not space. THE BOHEMIAN.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

In spite of the recent changeable weather the Queen continues to take long drives daily around Balmoral.

There were private theatricals and tableaux at Balmoral last week, in which Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry, Princess Alice, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse took part. These annual performances are always organised by Prince Henry, who is a good actor, and the Queen greatly enjoys them. When they were first given, three years ago, they were quite an innovation, but as the Queen likes them they have become an annual institution.

I have reason to believe, says "Atlas," that if the Prince of Wales ever entertained any idea of going on to Suakim in the course of his impending visit to Egypt, he has been dissuaded from the project—a result which will relieve from serious anxiety those who are conversant with the insalubrity of Suakim, not only of the town, which is dirty and pestilential, but of the harbour, whose water is polluted and malarious.

"I hear," says "Labby," "that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are not likely ever again to live in England for any long period, and that they will divide their time between Coburg and St. Petersburg. The ostentatious manner in which the Duke avoided meeting the Prince of Wales during the last three weeks was intended to make manifest his entire disapproval of Princess Louise's marriage; and I learn that his visit to Balmoral was anything but a success, as he positively declined to hold any sort of communication with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and disconcerted his mother by allusion to the well-known opinions of the Prince Consort respecting Royal marriages, and by repeating the acrid criticisms of the Empress Frederick and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha."

Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales return to England this week from Denmark, and they will pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge before going to Sandringham to await the arrival of their parents.

THE JAVA DANCING-GIRLS PROCEEDING TO THEIR THEATRE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will return to England from Athens through Italy, landing from the Osborne, in all probability, at Naples, and they are not likely to reach Sandringham until towards the end of November, when they are to have as guests the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who will make a short stay at Duff House, Banffshire, when they leave Braemar, and they are to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard, on their way south.

At the Parliamentary election at Peterborough, rendered necessary by the death of Mr. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Morton, Liberal, was returned over Mr. Purvis, Conservative, by a majority of 251, as against a Conservative majority in 1886 of 289, and in 1885 of 258.

The Church Congress has been held at Cardiff during the past week. The sensation of its sittings was an address by Mr. Edward Terry in vindication of the theatre.

Lord Salisbury, who, with his family, is contemplating a visit to Paris, *incog.*, has gone down to the Riviera to visit the property which he has recently acquired between Nice and Beaulieu, on the lower road from Nice to Monaco, and will remain there a week or ten days.

The Paris Exhibition continues to draw immense crowds, and there is little prospect of its closing until the middle of November, although originally announced for the end of October. Now, as ever, the mixture of nationalities is strikingly impressed upon one—Java dancing-girls, Egyptian singers, and Hindoo conjurors mixing in picturesque disorder with the huge crowds of Europeans.

The second ballots in the French elections have left the balance of parties unchanged. General Boulanger's defeat is overwhelming, and he has now less than fifty supporters in the Chamber of Deputies.

A severe gale broke over the United Kingdom last Monday, involving serious damage to shipping. A quantity of wreckage and some human bodies were washed ashore near Valentia harbour, the results of the foundering of a brigantine with all hands. The yacht Pleione was wrecked at Bangor, but the crew was saved.

A terrible balloon accident has happened in Algeria, by which an unfortunate man named Emilio has lost his life. He was making an ascent with a fire-balloon at Mostaganem, when the balloon, insufficiently heated, was carried up against some trees surrounding the square from which it had just taken its flight. It then struck a house, and precipitated the unfortunate man from the car. He was mortally injured.

Mr. Milner, the husband of the Duchess of Montrose, was fined £20 by the Newmarket Bench, on Tuesday, for employing thirteen male servants without a license.

The trunk of the unidentified woman discovered on the 12th ult., in a railway arch at Pinchin-street, Backchurch-lane, was buried last Saturday morning in Plaistow Cemetery.

The official journal *El Tarik* announces the German Emperor's approaching visit to Constantinople, and declares that his Majesty's presence in the Turkish capital will tend to draw closer the bonds of friendship which unite the Emperor and the Sultan, and will also strengthen the good relations existing between Germany and Turkey.

The inquest touching the death of George Gordon, whose body was recently found in a wardrobe in a furniture establishment at Bury, resulted in a verdict of wilful murder being returned against William Dukes, the salesman, who is under arrest. Dukes was accordingly committed for trial at the assizes.

The news of the murder of a mother by her son has been received from Wajeten, on the Danube. The man is a town councillor and the proprietor of a great many houses. He is said to be worth nearly half a million of florins. About a year ago he married a poor but pretty girl, and has since then repeatedly quarrelled with his mother. They fell out over the sale of this year's wheat crop, and the son, growing excited, lifted a revolver and fired three shots at his mother, killing her on the spot.

A most violent storm has raged in Sardinia, causing serious damage. At Quarto over 200 houses have fallen in, burying several people. Many dead bodies have been extricated from under the ruins. At Quartuccie thirty houses have collapsed, killing five people. At Pizzi ten houses have been destroyed. The loss of property was enormous, and in the present state of misery in Sardinia this disaster will be most deeply felt. In all 800 houses were wrecked.

An elephant in Coblentz has been trying to emulate the discursive feats of theolionese which lately broke loose from a menagerie at Birmingham. The elephant seems to have taken a sudden fancy for a nocturnal stroll on the banks of the Rhine. He accordingly broke out of his cage and wandered on till he found a house, inside the door of which was a sack of potatoes. He beat in the door, stamped the potatoes into a mash with his fore feet, and then settled down to enjoy his breakfast, but was disturbed in the midst of it by the keepers, who, missing the elephant from the menagerie, traced him to his resort. He allowed himself to be quietly recaptured and led back.

The personal estate of the late Mr. Bottomley-Firth, M.P. for Dundee, has been given at £3779 11s.

The height of folly in wedding ceremonies will soon, it is said, be attained. A young Paris couple intend to be united on the top of the Eiffel Tower.

The strike at Rotterdam is at an end. All the men have resumed work, following the advice of their leaders to accept the terms of the masters, who have practically conceded the labourers' demands. This decision was come to at a mass meeting of 1500 of the men. Steps will be taken to form a trade-union.

The Globe Theatre at Johannesburg, South Africa, was burned to the ground on Oct. 1. When the fire broke out it was discovered that there was no water and no fire brigade. This so incensed the crowd that had assembled that they wrecked the adjoining buildings and offices.

A man has just passed through Thirsk with the corpse of his wife in a coffin, having wheeled the body from Scarborough to Sandhutton, near Thirsk, a distance of about seventy miles, on a handcart, accompanied by his little son. His wife, previous to her death, expressed a wish to be buried at Cundall, near Thirsk, beside her mother. The roads from Scarborough to Thirsk abound in hills, and the weather was rainy on the journey.

A Bismarck Museum is to be opened at Berlin next April, on the Chancellor's seventy-fifth birthday. It is to contain every species of object relating to the Prince's public life, including a large collection of poems praising, denouncing, or ridiculing him, and an immense number of caricatures.

Mary Holland, a servant-girl in a house at Parrock-street, Gravesend, discovered a man on the staircase at four o'clock one morning. The fellow ran down the stairs and out of the front door, but the girl pursued and captured him, and with the assistance of Mr. Martin, a pilot, she gave him into custody. A parcel of clothing and trinkets were found tied up ready to be taken away. The door of the house was discovered to have been broken open, and a jemmy was picked up in a back street behind the garden wall. William Wallis, alias Marchant, has been indicted for the burglary at the Gravesend Quarter Sessions. Previous convictions for till thefts and burglary were proved against the prisoner, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

An agitation among the dock labourers at Amsterdam, for obtaining an increase of wages, has commenced.

The Lord Mayor will celebrate his exit from the Mayoralty by a grand ball on Oct. 29, at which uniform and Court dress will be strictly *de rigueur*.

A terrible explosion occurred on Monday morning on the premises of Messrs. Cockshott and Jowett, brass-founders, Thornton-road, Bradford. Some patent ingredient was being poured into a pan of molten metal, and an explosion occurred, blowing off a large portion of the roof, and setting fire to other portions of the works. The building was wrecked, and Mr. Jowett was so badly scalded and burned that he had to be removed to the infirmary.

The Procurator Fiscal for Lanarkshire has examined two gentlemen and one lady in Coatbridge who are conversant with the handwriting of John W. Laurie, who is charged with the Arran murder. Laurie was at one time treasurer of the Coatbridge Conservative Association, and the books of that body have been compared with the letters sent to the Glasgow newspapers. The police have accidentally secured another important clue, which will tend materially to unravel the mystery.

Mrs. Crannie and her two daughters, Isabella and Rose, who reside in Nicholson-street, Glasgow, are lying very ill in Glasgow Infirmary. On Monday night they were brought in suffering from poisoning. A friend who found in a rag store a packet labelled tartaric acid gave it to the Crannies, saying it would make a capital "fizzing" drink. They had hardly swallowed the powder when the three were seized with vomiting, and fell into a state of collapse.

General Boulanger arrived in Jersey on Tuesday morning on board the Great Western steam-ship Antelope, and drove with his attendants to the Pomme d'Or Hôtel. A large crowd awaited his arrival, and cheers of "Vive Boulanger!" were raised as he stepped ashore. The lady who accompanied the General was thrown from her berth during the passage, her forehead being badly cut.

It is stated that the situation in Crete is becoming more critical. Notables belonging to the Opposition are being arrested on the information sometimes of their political adversaries, and at other times by Mussulmans, and various oppressive acts are attributed to the inferior Turkish functionaries. Some conflicts between the Christian inhabitants and the Turkish troops are reported.

The strike, in which 3000 men were concerned, at the collieries of the Bridgwater Trustees, near Manchester, terminated on Tuesday morning, when the men returned to work at an advance of 5 per cent. They contended that it should have been granted a week ago, and, because it was postponed, struck work, and had been idle since.

A sad fatality happened on Monday at Wigtoft, Lincolnshire, when Mr. Thomas Richard Hides, farmer, of Swineshead and Wigtoft, was gored to death by a bull. Mr. Hides was engaged in tying up the bull, when the animal turned on him, and ran its horns into his head, death being instantaneous. Up to a few weeks ago the bull had been very quiet, but recently it had attacked both Mr. Hides and his men. Deceased was a well-known and highly respected agriculturist, and his shocking death has caused a painful feeling in the neighbourhood.

On Monday night 7000 persons witnessed the formal opening by Sir James King, Lord Provost, of the new Municipal Buildings at Glasgow. The foundation-stone of the building, which has cost £540,000, was laid six years ago in George-square, and the site has since been visited by the Queen, the Shah, and Princess Beatrice. Mr. William Lang, of London, was the architect selected from among 125 competitors.

Mr. Goschen has been spending a few days with Mr. Smith-Barry, M.P., at Fola Island.

A gatekeeper at the Bute Dock crossing on the Taff Vale Railway, named John Davies, formerly a sailor, attempted on Monday to open a very heavy gate, but the wind was blowing a gale, and the gate, coming against him with terrific force, knocked him down and crushed him. His thighs were fractured, and he received other injuries. He lies in a precarious condition.

An adjourned inquest was held on Monday on Edwin Earnshaw, jeweller, Ilkley, who was found in a dying condition behind some warehouses in Broad-street, Bradford. Evidence showed that deceased had been attacked, robbed, injured on the head, and then thrown into the crane-pit of a warehouse. Deceased came to Bradford for a spree, and got into the company of loose women and their associates.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

THE RACING WORLD

In mentioning Kempton Park's miserable Friday, which might have been so profitable to the proprietary, it is not with intention of inflicting a full, true, and particular account of that memorable race on my readers. The story of the contest can be made short, though not sweet, to the gentlemen—in the first place, because they lost their money, and, in the second, since in all probability they would have won but for the wretched start. No doubt

Dearest Landed Cleverly

at the finish, but then there were lengths and lengths between first off and last off in the start, while

The Next Best Away to Dearest was Handicapped at least Five Lengths when the Flag Fell.

All this was very unfortunate for those who stood on Riviera, who certainly would have won if the field had got away on level terms. But while almost everyone else deplored their misfortunes in the race a generally unlucky owner got a turn. Mr. Warren De la Rue, who used to race as Mr. Warren, has been repeatedly treated very harshly by Dame Fortune. His luck with some of his horses has been simply crushing. Since he went in for ownership under Captain Machell's wing I forget how many thousands he spent before a decent win came his way. Trayles, who gave him some stakes, is by no means a handsome customer. In fact,

Trayles is probably the meanest-looking Horse that ever Won an important Cup.

But here am I leaving the track I selected instead of having my say about the phase of sport at Kempton I marked for treatment. That was

The Bookmakers' Wonderful Luck.

Both on Friday and Saturday, and, as it happened, at Newmarket also on Monday, they had all manner of good things upset for their special benefit. Of late the professors who accommodate all comers at some odds or other have been getting a lot the worst of the battle.

"There will not be any Bookmakers soon"

was the only half-ironical remark one of the number made to me the other day. "But," I asked, "is it not always a good game? You have so many odd chances in your favour." "We have," he replied; "but what seems all right in theory does not work out in practice.

When we Win we cannot Collect; and if we Lose we must Pay in full.

Besides, we used to know more than the backers, and now the others know as much as we do." Accepting all this as true—and it is not altogether untrue—the logical conclusion is that betting will not go on for long. I do not run quite to that length, but cannot deny that certain sorts of speculation are, I may say, happily on the wane. Good gracious me! how can we speak of future-event betting as it was twenty or twenty-five years ago in the same breath with the miserable apology of later days? Not so long ago,

On a Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire Morning Newmarket High-street was well-nigh Blocked right across

by the crowd gathered outside the subscription-rooms. Now it not unfrequently happens that there will not be half a dozen bets made in the rooms, or their immediate vicinity, before a move is made to the Heath where the Cesarewitch or Cambridge-shire is due to come off. The same sort of dulness is associated with betting before and after dinner. That a greater proportion of the commissions for various horses are left to be executed after the numbers go up for the race itself is to be admitted; but the falling-off is mainly attributable to the decrease of betting in a general way.

We do not Wager so much as we used, and a Good Job too.

The market, too, is much more sensitive, and at the same time, I ought to add, more trustworthy. Still, it is not pleasant to see the odds against an outsider contract so rapidly directly a speculator, presumably well informed, puts a little money on; that

The Outsider quickly becomes an Insider.

For instance, on Monday Crimea was put a 1000 to 30, said a bookmaker, and was shut. Next 500 to 20 was laid, and then 20 to 1 was the best offer. Five-and-twenty years ago a candidate like Crimea might be backed at a similar stage of the proceedings

To Win £100,000 without touching 40 to 1;

but then the bookmakers got a lot more dead money, and had plenty of apparently live horses against whom they might safely lay as long as they could find customers. Bad debts were not so plentiful, because, as a rule, the heavy betters were men of good family, who were a long while before they went really to smash. As for the present system, the bad debts are surprising. Why, I can instance one bookmaker who this year has

Won £35,000, and yet is £25,000 Poorer for his Success.

If you put these figures together you will guess that he is owed £60,000 on the year—and be correct too. We have not always changed for the better; though, speaking of big handicaps, we changed for the better when the venue for the Cambridgeshire was moved from the hill at the top of the town to the Rowley Mile finish. Was the change of day from Tuesday to Thursday a success in the case of the Cesarewitch is a question I could not well answer. The weather frequently so wretched, and threatening almost always when not actually inflicting discomfort on visitors to the Heath, must be held accountable for the attendance not being better at the meeting.

Newmarket Heath has an Unenviable Reputation

for distressing weather, and the accounts vouchsafed between the Metropolis and the metropolis of the turf gave of the rousing weather on the opening day was distinctly discouraging. But for this, many would have made holiday from Tuesday to Thursday night who thought better of holiday-making exposed to rain-laden gales, which made keeping your feet a task of no little difficulty, and racing form of little account. Bad or good weather does not, however, make much difference to the bulk of Newmarket patrons.

They must be there, come Wet or Shine,

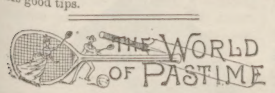
though necessity does not make them less uncomfortable or discontented in bad weather. Considering the amount of rain of the few days previous to the affair, the course was in admirable condition—not half so heavy and holding as might have been expected. This was, before the race, subject for congratulation to the backers of the heavy-weights, who were supposed to want firm galloping. All the same, no party appeared sorry that the wind worked so well in drying the great plain. Possibly the gales took effect in one way, in keeping some of our intending visitors from the other side of the Channel from crossing. Whatever may be the reason,

There were fewer Frenchmen than usual

on the Heath on the occasion of a French horse's meeting our handicappers. Much more money would have been lost through Vasistas, but for a current report that the Parisians at last would not start the Grand Prix winner. Curiously, too,

Most of the Newmarket Touts declared against Davenport.

Mercy was the town's fancy tip, though confidence in Sheen was strong. When Tom Jennings senior—familiarly called "Old Waterworks"—really likes his candidates, respect for his judgment causes many to range themselves on his side; and as soon as they discovered that the Waterworks Company's chairman meant business with Sheen he was rattled to a short price. The public's great hope at last was Veracity, despite the lump of weight he was set to carry; and then Mercy, who was almost bottom of the handicap. Mat Dawson was really sweet on the mare, and her owner quite confidently expected to see Tissaphernes as well as Mercy in the first three when the judge was passed. Since the Cambridge was moved last year to the Rowley Mile finish the long race has not proved so valuable a guide to picking Cambridgeshire winners as it used. Whatever ran well at the Bushes (a clump of wind-vexed, stunted, old whitethorn trees) in the Cesarewitch was always backed to win the Cambridgeshire, and good Judges almost always managed to pick up good points for future use in watching what happened at the Bushes. For myself, I will not meddle at all with Cambridgeshire prospects till next week, when I must tackle the job in real earnest, in hope to give readers good tips.



Father Thames

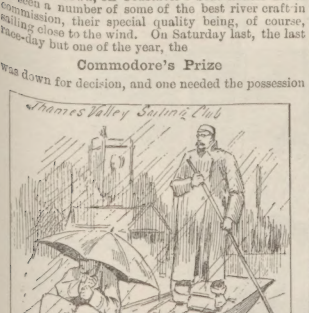
provides for his devotees many and varied delights, but the few spots above the tideway where there is any breadth to speak of makes the practice of boat-sailing one of the least satisfactory amusements, especially in the now crowded state of the river. There are, however, three places where sailing is indulged in with a considerable amount of success, and these are Teddington Reach, Hampton, and Bourne End. Hampton is the headquarters of the

Thames Valley Sailing Club,

and many are the races that are sailed during the season round the course extending from the ferry to Platt's ait, where lies that huge Thames Folly the Satsuma, pardonably mistaken by many for a floating depôt of Japanese ware. At the headquarters and, lower down, off Constable's boat-houses are to be seen a number of some of the best river craft in commission, their special quality being, of course, sailing close to the wind. On Saturday last, the last race-day but one of the year, the

Commodore's Prize

was down for decision, and one needed the possession

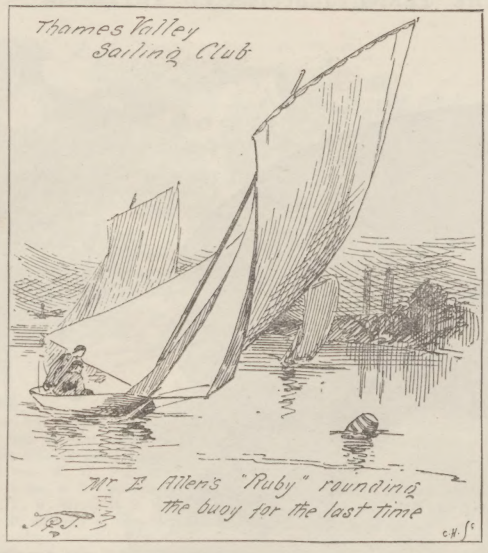


of the soul of a tar to figure either as one of the half-dozen competitors or as a spectator, for very heavy showers fell at brief intervals throughout the racing. Besides the judge's skiff, in which I noticed the official was faithfully supported by some intrepid members of the fair sex, and my own punt, in which the artist and myself defied the elements, a number of craft about was very small—a state of affairs which is very acceptable to the contestants, however. Among the entries was the fleet and elegant Clytie, owned by Mr. G. A. Tatham, and the still fleeter vessel of Mr. E. Allen, the Ruby, and these made a capital race of it. The wind was very variable, at times dropping almost to a calm after the showers, and it was during one of these, when half the competitors had their anchors overboard under the lee shore, that the little Truant, a long way in the rear, was seen scudding along before a capital breeze. The Ruby was edged out on the off-chance of getting the first of this, and, succeeding, secured a long lead, which it never lost, and won by nine seconds from Clytie. Sybil (Mr. F. Jackson) finished third; but Truant (Mr. R. Von Edgerke), though a long way behind, saved her time and secured the place.

On Saturday last, at the Highgate Harriers' athletic meeting, a big push was given to the

Degeneration of Athletics

which is going on. While the pursuit of athletics is physically beneficial to those strong enough to participate in them, medical men are unanimous in declaring that exertion on the part of the immature is provocative of incalculable harm. Unfortunately, I have known cases of young men who have literally killed themselves by an over-indulgence in athletic competition, for which their systems were quite unfitted. But it is, I hope, quite supererogatory for me to



insist, in this column, upon the idiocy of allowing mere boys to compete in distance races, whatever may be the opinion in connection with short-distance contests. I am, therefore, confident that the action of the Highgate Harriers will be disapproved in allowing a child

Twelve Years of Age

to compete in the mile race. The enormous entry of 317 made it imperative to divide the competitors into heats, and as the twelve-year-old boy qualified for the final, which he won, he raced 1460 yards (his start being 300 yards) twice in an afternoon. This incident affords an excellent indication of the sort of hands into which athletics have of late years fallen, and will explain the constant vigilance of the Amateur Athletic Association. Perhaps some day it may extend its jurisdiction to such cases as this, though the task of teaching some people good taste must surpass the labours of Hercules.

The *Sunday Times*, I see, announces the illness of

Harry Nunn,

who will be remembered by athletes of a dozen years ago as the fairest walker of his day. The curious mixture of guits which accomplished "walkers" attain to is generally—and in Nunn's time was invariably—the subject of irony rather than admiration; and the appearance of the gentleman under notice on the path always drew forth expressions of approval. No one ever called after him, as they did in the case of many other competitors, "Well run!"—which two words convey a whole volume of meaning when the race is a walking one. I am glad to see that the patient is better, although, from inquiries I have made, I learn that the seizure was of the "stroke" order.

There appears to be some difficulty in deciding the professional

One-Mile Championship.

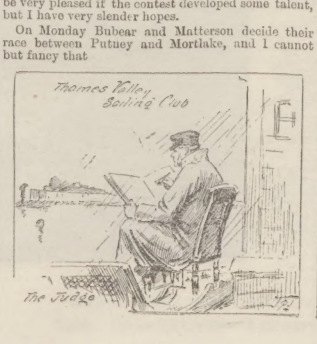
On Sept. 28 a race was run under this title, at Glasgow, which Cummings won, which result was quite in accordance with public opinion as to who is the best man at a mile in the United Kingdom. But on Saturday last Cummings and Darrin were again racing for the said championship; this time at Sheffield. The chief lesson taught by the race (courtesy title) is that the "loafing" tactics, which have hitherto been considered the exclusive prerogative of cyclists, have now been adopted by pedestrians. The result is no happier than in the case of wheelmen. Fancy the time for the first quarter of a mile in a race for the one-mile professional championship taking 69 sec. to complete, and the half-mile 2 min. 13¾ sec.! Darrin was winning easily, when he fell head over heels on the turf, the assigned reason for the accident being the bursting of his shoe. The burst shoe was in view, so there was no doubt of the fact; but, as 2 to 1 was being laid upon Cummings, his supporters are to be heartily congratulated upon the mischance to Darrin. That runner, for his part, is to be complimented upon the fortunate chance which directed that his cropper should take place upon the soft turf instead of the excoriating cinder-path.

This (Saturday) afternoon will be witnessed another attempt on the part of the indefatigable Mr. W. J. Innes to improve the wretched condition of English sculling. This gentleman gives

Fifty Pounds

to be competed for in a sweepstakes, at Putney (Wallace Ross, Niel Matterson, and Bubear barred), and for the race six scullers have entered. I should be very pleased if the contest developed some talent, but I have very slender hopes.

On Monday Bubear and Matterson decide their race between Putney and Mortlake, and I cannot but fancy that



Australia

will once more triumph. If he does not, then he is a far more mediocre sculler than we in England think he is. Of Bubear I have no opinion whatever, as a sculler. Matterson is being accompanied in his practice by Searle. The race, by the way, is not for the championship of anything, which fact is, in itself, noteworthy.

The Association Football Cup

competition commenced on Saturday, and the game will henceforth excite more attention. No matches of any moment have taken place; but in the League the defeat of West Bromwich Albion, cup-holders of 1888, by the present holders, Preston North End, by five goals to none, will set people talking. Of the Rugby Union clubs, three of the most important in the south—viz., Richmond, London Scottish, and Old Leysians—were in the field. The departure of that splendid player A. B. Richards for foreign parts is a very serious loss indeed to the Old Leysians, and they could not score against the Old Merchant Taylors.

I hardly expected to see so much enthusiasm shown as there was at the meeting held to form a London Rugby Union Society of Referees. But there is generally plenty of go about anything that Mr. Rowland Hill undertakes, and the case in point certainly forms no exception. The object is to secure competent referees for matches, by means of proper organisation; and a very satisfactory feature was the unanimous scouting of the suggestion to fee gentlemen officiating for their services. As if a man should be fee'd for refereeing any more than for playing! Mr. Hill said he found refereeing a match a very pleasant way of spending an afternoon; and surely he is not the only one of that way of thinking.

A Smart Swimmer from the North.

On Monday evening, at the Lambeth Baths, the 100 Yards and Plunging Championships were decided. The swimming event, which always attracts a great deal of attention, brought to light

another genuine "flyer" from the north in C. J. Lenton, who compassed the distance in the very fast time of 1 min. 7 4-5 sec., the second man, W. Knowles, being only a foot behind. Both men are from Liverpool, so the prestige of the north of England for supplying fast swimmers is being wonderfully well maintained. The peculiar physique of the northerners seems to lend itself to excellence in short-distance swimming. Lenton is credited with having swam 100 yards in the Blackburn Baths in 1 min. 5 1-5 sec.; but there are many turns in that bath, owing to its small size, whereas at Lambeth the swimmers turn twice only. The new Challenge Cup for the race has been provided by the liberal and enthusiastic Otter S.C. The Plunging Championship went for the third year in succession to G. A. Blake, Lewisham S.C., who made the fine plunge of 73 ft. 5 in., which is only 5½ in. less than the record—his own.

BANSHEE.

LORD MAYORS' SHOWS.

THERE is some talk of a more elaborate Lord Mayor's Show this year than usual. Apropos, a few historical facts may be of interest. When King John, in 1215, first granted a Mayor to the City of London, it was stipulated that he should be presented to Royalty. Hence originated the procession to Westminster, where the King's palace was situated. In the books of the Grocers' Company for 1436 there are items for the "hire of barges." The 29th of October used to be Lord Mayor's Day until the alteration of the style in 1752. There were various other shows and processions in which the Lord Mayor and the City authorities figured. One of the most memorable was that in 1533, when the unfortunate Anne Boleyn came from Greenwich to Westminster on the day of her Coronation. At the Common Council which took place respecting the arrangements, it is stated that the ceremonial should be similar to that "when the Mayor is presented at Westminster on the morrow after Simon and Jude." An old historian describes some curious scenes at a show. He mentions a pinnace propelled by rowers, "in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting forth wild fire, and round about stood terrible monsters, and wild men casting fire and making hideous noises." The Lord Mayor's barge followed, "in which were shalmes, shagbushes, and divers other instruments making goodly harmony." The barges were embellished with rich hangings. One of the most brilliant pageants ever seen in the City was in 1415, after Henry the Fifth's return from Agincourt. There were "three wells running with wine" at the Conduit or Cheapside, attended by three maidens representing Mercy, Grace, and Pity. In 1616 there was something which would be appropriate for the coming Mayor—"a lemon tree in full bearing," surrounded by allegorical figures. The shows did not, however, appear to cost much, for an entry in the books of the Drapers' Company gives £13 4s. 7d. as the cost of Sir Laurence Aylmer's show in 1510. Sir William Draper's show in 1566 was enlivened with singing boys. There were "forty-six bachelors in gowns and crimson satin hoods, twenty-eight 'whifflers' to clear the way, forty-eight men with wax torches an ell long, and the same number armed with javelins." There were also savages with clubs. The shows during the reign of Good Queen Bess were on a large scale, and we read of "certain men apparelled like devils" as a feature in one of the shows hugely delighting the mob. There was the "Pageant of Triumph" and processions of the various City companies. In 1615 "The Triumph of Ancient Drapery" was in honour of Sir John Jolles, of the Drapers' Company. A pageant of Jason and the Golden Fleece was one of the sights on the river. From 1639 to 1655 no pageants were given, for the City was under the heels of the grim Puritans. They revived again in 1660, to celebrate the Restoration of Charles II. In the show of 1711 Sir Gilbert Heathcote, the Lord Mayor, rode on horseback in the procession. Men in armour are first mentioned in 1822; but we have had no modern shows rivalling the pageants of two centuries ago.

AT ILFRACOMBE.

BY OUR SCAMPERING TOURIST.

WHAT can we say of Ilfracombe after a hasty visit? One is not really entitled to say anything. One must live in a place, breathe its atmosphere, moral as well as physical, to really *know* it. But Mr. *Punch* has been making merry lately over the popular Devonshire watering-place on the strength of a holiday ramble, and why should not I discuss it in deadly earnest upon pretty well equal knowledge? "Ilfracombe is chiefly remarkable," says *Punch*, "for

Honeymooners and Photographers."

Sure enough, the honeymooners are abundant. How envious they make a poor bachelor feel as he lounges on the Capstone-parade! Why, even in the very drawing-room of the hotel I hear one charming six-days-married young lady tell a two-days-married ditto how much nicer it was to have a private sitting-room! How self-conscious the dear ones are! How reticent! On the top of the coach we try to help them a bit. One talks of everything,

From Poetry to Potato Crops,

but it is hopeless. But in an evening ramble it is not difficult to discover that the young couples, in the daytime so silent and reserved, have no lack of life and spirits; and it is even the same when they patronise the donkey-driver, as now and again they do.

But there is hope for the bachelor after all, as he discovers if he be duly observant. The one thing needful is to be well posted up in "Lorna Doone" and "Westward Ho!" "You have, perhaps, been to the Doone Valley?" I said to a young man in the railway train who had just commenced a copy of Mr. Blackmore's popular novel. "No; I have never heard of it," was the reply. "But you are reading

'Lorna Doone'!"

I said. "Oh, I see everybody is reading it, and I thought it was a new novel," he answered. I don't think this young man will prove "as good as clotted cream, almost," to the Devon Lass. It is on the coaches that you will find "Lorna Doone" and "Westward Ho!" come in usefully. You will take to the coaches when you have exhausted Ilfracombe proper. Some people never exhaust Ilfracombe. A friend of mine (the genial J. F.) spent six weeks there, and came home happy. Another friend (the energetic J. B.), after one day's walking along the Torrs rock and up the Capstone-parade, took to the coaches! Now I go for the golden mean. The Torrs walk, for which you pay a penny to go on and another penny to come off, is well worth a visit, but still more so is

The Village of Lee,

a little beyond, with its hedges of fuchsias and honeysuckles, a village in which one feels one would be happy to spend the remainder of one's days. Then the Watermouth Caves must be visited, and a climb to the top of

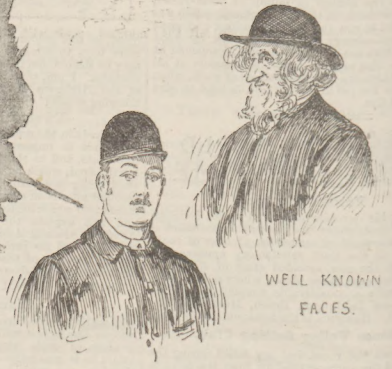
Hillsborough Hill

gives us a fine view. After this one walks along the Barnstaple road to the woods for ferns and mosses, and finally, when we have made a trip to Lundy Island, we take to the coaches with satisfaction.

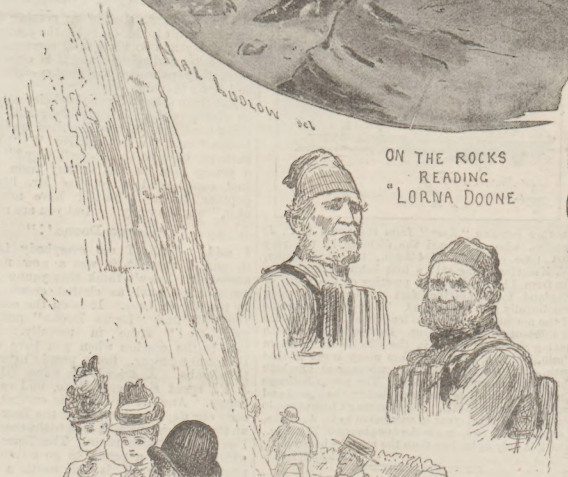
Before we start on a journey the photographer, that other *bête noire* of *Punch*, has his eye, or rather his camera, on us, and a day or two afterwards we are asked to spend two and sixpence on a copy of the picture. Personal vanity, politeness to our fellow-passengers at the hotel, everything conspires to victimise us, and we find the photographers, after a few coach rides, are more expensive than the honeymooners. How shall I describe lovely Lynton, beautiful Lynmouth, the Valley of Rocks, Watersmeet, quaint Clovelly, and the rest? No; they have been over-described already, and I will stop here, only adding that a ramble through North Devon in general and Ilfracombe in particular is one of the pleasantest ways I know of for spending a holiday.

C. K. S.

A RIDE ON THE DONKEYS.



WELL KNOWN FACES.



ON THE ROCKS READING "LORNA DOONE"

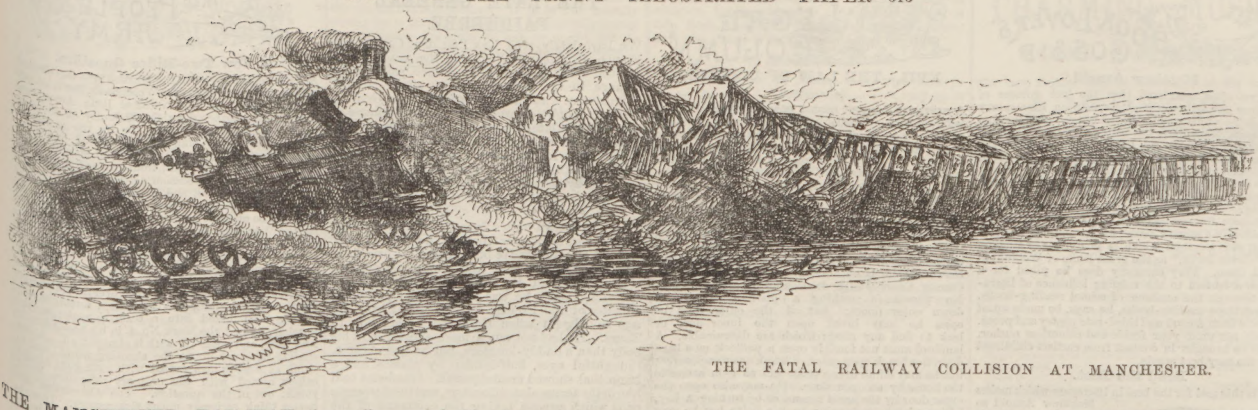
"JUST OFF"

TWO LIFEBOATSMEN

A FAVOURITE WALK

NORTH DEVON'S FAVOURITE WATERING-PLACE, ILFRACOMBE.

See Notes by our Scampering Tourist.



THE FATAL RAILWAY COLLISION AT MANCHESTER.

THE MANCHESTER RAILWAY DISASTER.

We have to record a serious railway disaster. It was about ten minutes past seven on Friday night, Oct. 4, when this grave accident occurred on the main line of the London and North-Western Railway between Manchester and Stockport. A heavily laden passenger train left the London-road station, at Manchester, at seven o'clock, for Stockport, and had not proceeded beyond the confines of the city when it came into collision with a pilot goods train, consisting of two engines and a brake-van. The latter, owing to a mistake on the part of a signalman, had been shunted from the Longsight goods yards along the goods loop line on to the up main road, the intention of the signals being to place the train on the down main line. In mistake, however, the goods pilot train was placed as stated, immediately in front of the passenger train to Stockport. The latter had been stopped by signal near the Hyde-road cabin, and, on being allowed to proceed, dashed with great violence into the goods engines and van. The passenger train consisted of twelve composite carriages, three of which were wrecked. That next to the engine, which contained a full complement of passengers, was shattered into splinters, and the majority of the occupants were badly injured. The greatest consternation prevailed, and the shrieks of the wounded and other passengers were of a heartrending character.

* * * *

The staff at the Longsight station immediately proceeded to the scene of the disaster, and rendered necessary assistance. The injured were quickly conveyed from the carriages to the adjoining station, and sent on by another train to Manchester, where they were removed to the Royal Infirmary. On bringing out the occupants of the first carriage, the sad fact was revealed that two of them had been killed. The bodies of the deceased showed no outward signs of injury, and it is believed that death was attributable to the severe shock which they had sustained. Very few of the remaining passengers escaped without severe bruises and contusions, and several of them had their limbs broken. The second vehicle was a guard's van, which happily was not in use at the time. This was telescoped with the third carriage, and the framework partially destroyed. The third coach, which contained its full number of passengers, was badly wrecked, but the bulk of the travellers escaped with only a severe shaking. The accident happened about midway between Ardwick and Longsight stations. The killed were W. H. Warburton, about thirty years of age, of 9, Limefield-terrace, Rushford Park; T. W. Waechter, 9, Beech-road, Stockport; H. Billings, of Stockport, married, with four children; Joseph Jodrell, a warehouseman, married, and with three children—lived in Medway-street, Levenshulme: and a man whose cuff bears the name of J. Kellam.

A MISSISSIPPI CALAMITY.

One of the most tripping lyrics Dr. Charles Mackay ever wrote bore the title of "Down the Mississip." We are reminded by a recent catastrophe how perilous is the navigation of that great American river by the built-up steamers which run up and down the Mississippi. Indeed, the details of the disaster which has befallen the Mississippi steamer Corona show it to be one of the most appalling ever known on a river famous for such calamities. The Corona was one of the largest and swiftest of the passenger steamers running, and a favourite with river travellers; and she recently underwent a thorough overhauling and refitting.

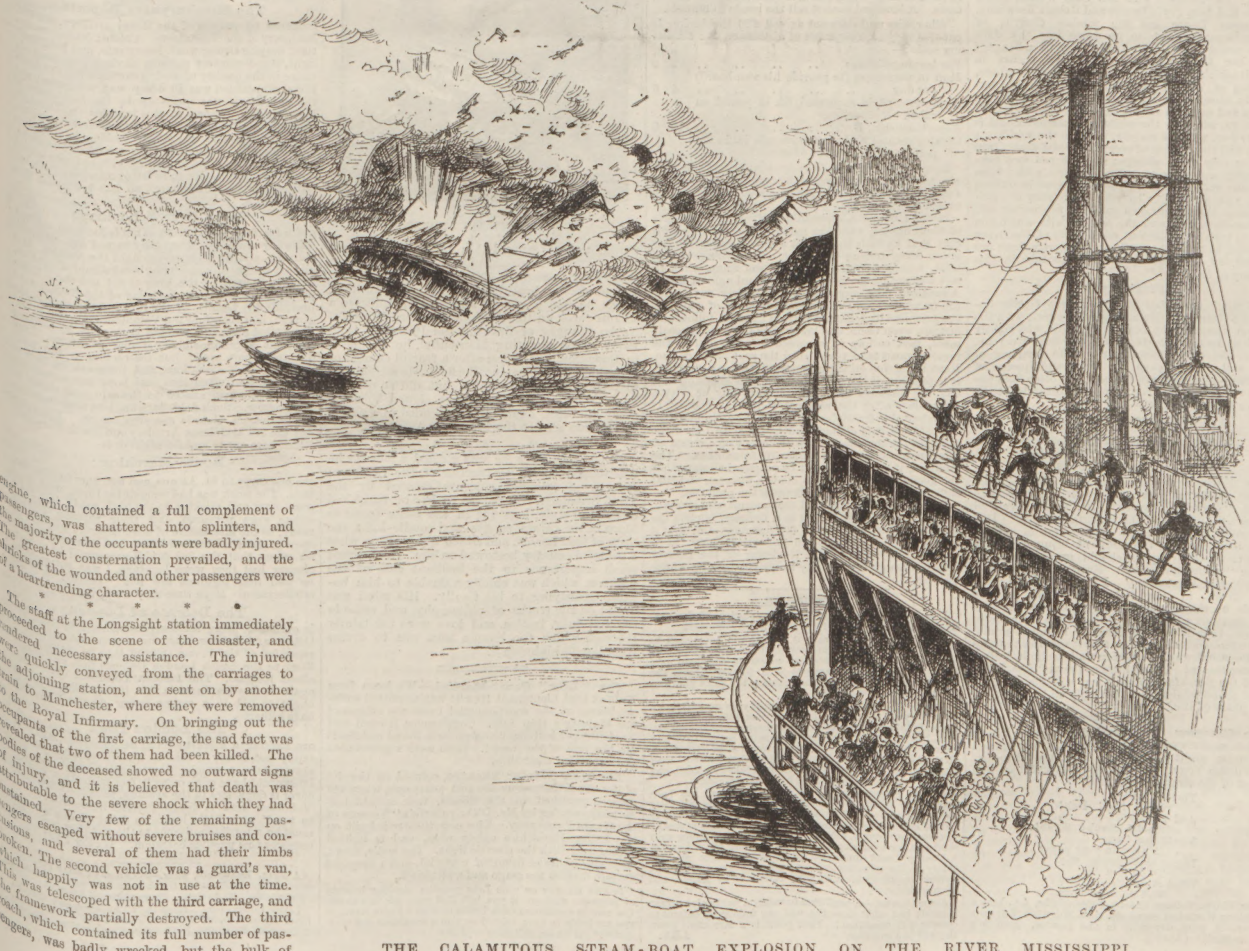
* * * * *

The Corona left New Orleans after being repaired with a large cargo and crowded cabin. She attracted more than usual attention and comment as she was pushed off and began her up-stream trip, many other boats along the river front greeting her reappearance with welcoming whistles. The voyage was without especial incident during the night and morning, and up to the hour of the explosion there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the passengers, or show that any danger was to be apprehended. Several passengers disembarked at different places along the river, and about noon the next day the Corona came in sight of the large steamer St. Louis, on her way to New Orleans. Many passengers were on the forward deck watching the St. Louis approach.

* * * * *

The captain of the Corona had just placed his hand on the whistle-pull to give a salute, when suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and the air was filled with cloud-smoke and steam, flying wreckage, and human bodies. As the smoke floated away, the horrified passengers on the St. Louis saw the broken hull of the Corona sink beneath the waters, and the river strewn for yards around with débris and human beings. Many of the latter were burned or horribly maimed, but clung to the broken wreckage until rescued. Others tried to swim to the nearest shore, but many sank before reaching it. The captain of the St. Louis at once lowered his life-boats, and began the work of rescue, but in spite of every effort the death-list numbered at least forty. Many were killed outright by flying pieces of timber. Others were so stunned as to be unable to make an effort to save themselves, and sank instantly. The scene witnessed from the deck of the St. Louis was indescribable. Men, women, and children were struggling in the water: mothers held frightened babies with one hand while they clung for life to whatever they could clutch with the other. Many of the men rendered assistance to the women and wounded until the St. Louis' boats could take them in.

Captain Blanks, who commanded the Corona, was one of the oldest and best-known steam-boat captains on the river, and had a large experience in river navigation. Some of his officers had sailed with him for ten or fifteen years.



THE CALAMITOUS STEAM-BOAT EXPLOSION ON THE RIVER MISSISSIPPI.

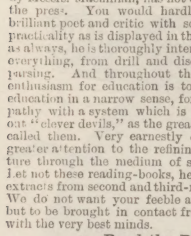
BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

Matthew Arnold.

I HAVE often wondered that the last volume of Matthew Arnold's works—"Reports on Elementary Schools"—which was published not so very long ago by Messrs. Macmillan, has not excited more notice in the press. You would hardly have credited the brilliant poet and critic with so great an amount of practicality as is displayed in this volume. Yet here, as always, he is thoroughly interesting. He discusses everything, from drill and discipline to poetry and parsing. And throughout the reports a splendid enthusiasm for education is to be found. Not for education in a narrow sense, for Arnold had no sympathy with a system which is in danger of turning out "clever devils," as the great Duke of Wellington called them. Very earnestly does he plead for a greater attention to the refining influence of literature through the medium of school reading-books. Let not these reading-books, he says, be made up of extracts from second and third-rate poetry and prose. We do not want your feeble and colourless author, but to be brought in contact from earliest childhood with the very best minds.

Read the Best.

It is this zeal for the best in literature which makes Matthew Arnold so important a figure in our day, apart from his achievements in poetry. There is now a very definite desire in the minds of large numbers of readers—a desire which found some expression in the controversy as to the best hundred books—to become really acquainted with all that is truly great in literature. One can trace a great deal of this feeling to Arnold's influence. In "Essays in Criticism" he is constantly exhorting us to read only the best. It is possible, of course, to follow his advice too rigidly. One must unbend sometimes, and the busy man may very reasonably protest that he cannot always be content to dwell in the company of the immortals.



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street, W.

Some Pleasant Guests.

While I am on this question of books I want to know, dear reader, if you have seen a little shilling book by George William Curtis, called "Prue and I" (David Douglas)? A charming book it is, abounding in humour and quaint whimsicalities. I like it best for the description of the banquet which the writer gives in his "Castle in Spain." What a medley of guests! Dr. Johnson and Mr. Sam Weller, Major Dobbin and Mrs. Fry, Chaucer and Robert Browning. The stern Dante and the sombre Carlyle, of course, would prefer to go down into the dark vaults under the castle. That notion of a banquet is earlier than Curtis, though. It occurs in Mr. Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," where, speaking of good books and bad books, he pertinently inquires if we should "jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal Court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault: by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living measured, as to all the truth and sincerity there are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead."

Frivolity!

And yet I remember that the great Goethe delighted to talk with the man in the street, with the labourer trimming the hedges. He said, and rightly said, that he could learn something from everyone. This is the true human spirit. The company of kings and queens—even the kings and queens of literature—is not always the best. It often does one good to be frivolous. Yes; there is a great deal to be said for light literature—

> It will last till men weary of pleasure
> In measure!
> It will last till men weary of laughter.
> And after!

The "Genial Autocrat."

How I like a friendly chat about books! Mr. Walter Scott has just sent me the latest volume of the "Camelot Classics," Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a beautiful reprint of one of the best of modern books, and has also the merit of being cheap. I do not think that anyone should grudge a shilling for the "genial autocrat." Everyone speaks now of the "genial autocrat." I hope everyone reads him. Well, in the "Autocrat" Dr. Holmes reminds us that "every grade of mental development demands a literature of its own, a little above its level, that it may be lifted to a higher grade, but not too much above it, so that it requires too long a stride—a stairway, not a steep wall to climb." How very true this is! If you have not read "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" you will find a great deal of sound wisdom in it, not only on books but on every phase of life. TATLER.

The Glasgow Municipal Buildings, whose foundation-stone was laid six years ago, was opened on Monday night by Sir Jas. King, Lord Provost. Mr. William Young, of London, is the architect, and the cost of the structure was £54,000.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

XVII.—THE LAW OF DISTRESS

(*Continued*).

A DISTRESS for rent cannot be made after sunset or before sunrise. A distress for rent cannot be made on the day on which the rent becomes due, for it is not in arrear till the next day. Where a lease is expired and the tenant remains in possession, the landlord may distrain within six months afterwards.

A distress can only be levied by the landlord or by his authorised bailiff. A distress may be made without a written warrant to the bailiff; but it would be very unwise for any bailiff to distrain without a warrant, and it is better for both parties that the powers of the bailiff should be defined. No person can now act as a bailiff to levy a distress for rent unless he is authorised by a certificate from a County Court Judge or County Court Registrar. No person in making a distress can break down outer doors; but if the outer door be open he may break open the inner door or lock to find any goods which are distrainable. A landlord must not forcibly open a padlock on a barn door, nor break open gates, or break down enclosures; but he may climb over a fence and so gain access to the house by an open door. He may also open the outer door by the usual means, or by turning a key, lifting a latch, or drawing back a bolt; but he may not put his hand through a hole in the door or through a broken pane of glass to remove a bar, window-latch, or other fastening. He may enter through an open window, but must not break open a window. If the window be partly opened it may be opened farther. Such are the niceties and technicalities of the law of distress.

Generally speaking, there can be no second distress for the same rent, if the distress has once been abandoned; but if the bailiff be forcibly put out he may break open a door or window to carry out the distress. Where there is likely to be any disturbance it is prudent to request the presence of a police officer.

The goods distrained upon must not be excessive in quantity or value. Goods used to be appraised when they were taken, but no appraisement is now necessary unless it is requested in writing by the tenant, who has to bear the cost.

After seizure the bailiff should make an inventory of the goods seized. A notice in writing should then be given to the tenant of the distress having been made, and the time when the rent and charges must be paid or the goods replevied. This is usually done by writing such notice at the bottom of the inventory. A true copy of the notice and inventory should be served personally upon the tenant or owner of the goods or left at the house. It is then best to remove the goods, and in the notice to inform the tenant where they are left. The landlord cannot sell the goods distrained until after five days, or, where the Agricultural Holdings Act applies, fifteen days, exclusive of the day of distraint and notice, and exclusive of the day of sale. But the five days can be extended to fifteen days if the tenant makes written request to that effect, and give security for additional costs. A landlord cannot sell the goods to himself.

Where the rent does not exceed £20 the broker is entitled to charge expenses of distress on the following scale:—

	s. d.
For levying distress	3 0
Man in possession (to provide his own board) per day	4 6
Appraisement, if requested, 6d. in pound on value.	
Advertisements, if any	10 0
Catalogues and commission on sale 1s. in the pound on net produce of sale.	

Reasonable expenses of removal at tenant's request are additional. If excessive costs be charged a Justice may order treble the excess to be paid to the tenant by the broker.

It often happens, especially in the case of tenants of small houses, when the landlord goes down for his rent that he finds the tenant has fled, and taken his goods away during the night. Such things are, at least, as old as the reign of Queen Anne, when an Act was passed to protect the landlord against them. A landlord may, any time within thirty days after the fraudulent and clandestine removal of goods off the premises by tenants to avoid distress, follow and distrain upon them, and break open places of concealment, first calling in a constable. Of course, the removal must take place after the rent becomes due. Rent being due on the morning of the day on which it is payable, if the tenant removes his goods on that day the landlord may, on the next day or within thirty days after the removal, follow the goods. If the removal is fraudulent it need not be clandestine. The Statute only enables the landlord to follow the goods of the tenant, and not the goods of a stranger. Mere removal is not necessarily fraudulent. The landlord, if necessary, must be prepared to show that the goods were removed to elude a distress, and that sufficient goods were not left upon the premises.

It must be borne in mind that an unlawful levying, or an irregularity or excess in a distress, renders the landlord liable to an action for damages, and that a tenant may always obtain his goods back in a summary way through the Registrar of the County Court, upon giving security to try the validity of the distress.

ANSWERS.

J. L.—Yes. You can recover the principal if the promissory note is in proper form and properly stamped.

A CONSTANT READER cannot compel the tradesman to give a receipt; but if B can show that he has now discovered that the vendor's representations on sale of the chain were false, B can recover damages in a County Court, the damages being the difference between the price paid and the real value of the chain.

SNOW.—All depends upon the terms of your grandfather's will. If your mother died before your father, and your intestate father at his death had an interest in the business, that, being personal property, is divisible between you and your brothers and sisters in equal shares, after payment of all your father's debts; but if your mother survived your father, she or her administratrix would take one third, and the rest would go between your brothers and sisters.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—If no fresh agreement has been made since April, 1887, and if you have to this date fully observed terms of written agreement, you would probably be held entitled to three months' notice. If you are actually dismissed without it, and are now allowed to continue your services after tendering them and claiming the notice, try a County Court summons for damages (three months' salary) in lieu of notice, unless such damages are paid on written application. Let your claims be by letters, and keep copies.

JOHN OLIVER.—A condition to marry a particular person is good; but what does the will say follows on default to comply with condition? Your point is a nice one. Show the will to a solicitor. LEX.

THE LATE GENERAL FAIDHERBE.

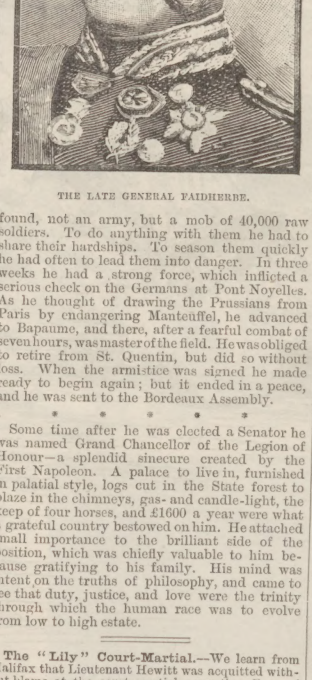
WE have lately read how President Carnot, the French Minister of War, and the most distinguished of living Generals in France, paid sincere homage to the memory of the single-minded Commander who (as well as the late General Chanzy) fought so well against the Germans in 1870-1. The late General Faidherbe (whose Portrait will be of especial interest to the staunch readers who followed our illustrated history of the Franco-German War) has had another tribute paid him by one of the most estimable of Paris correspondents.

* * * * *

Mrs. Crawford writes from Paris that General Faidherbe was, it was thought, a man of study and not of action. He broke down his health by overwork as a student, and was never given a chance to mend it. Not being liked at the Imperial Court, he was kept in the poisonous climates of the French colonies of Africa. He was in Algeria when Gambetta called him to Tours. He had not much more substance in his body than a daddy-longlegs, but he had earnest, thoughtful eyes, half-hidden by glasses, and a brain that showed mental power. Gambetta told him of the accumulated disasters, and the desperate odds which anyone taking the command of the Army of the North would have to face. Bourbaki was letting that force melt away in inaction. Metz had fallen, Orleans was threatened, the army that beleaguered Paris was gathering strength, and invasion was imminent in the west.

* * * * *

Faidherbe was for an instant staggered when he heard what he would have to do, if he did anything. He reflected for a few moments, and said, "I accept the command, but only promise that I shall do my duty." The weakly General, who was shaking with ague, went to Lille. He



THE LATE GENERAL FAIDHERBE.

found, not an army, but a mob of 40,000 raw soldiers. To do anything with them he had to share their hardships. To season them quickly he had often to lead them into danger. In three weeks he had a strong force, which inflicted a serious check on the Germans at Pont Noyelles. As he thought of drawing the Prussians from Paris by endangering Manteuffel, he advanced to Bapaume, and there, after a fearful combat of seven hours, was master of the field. He was obliged to retire from St. Quentin, but did so without loss. When the armistice was signed he made ready to begin again; but it ended in a peace, and he was sent to the Bordeaux Assembly.

* * * * *

Some time after he was elected a Senator he was named Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour—a splendid sinecure created by the First Napoleon. A palace to live in, furnished in palatial style, logs cut in the State forest to blaze in the chimneys, gas- and candle-light, the keep of four horses, and £1600 a year were what a grateful country bestowed on him. He attached small importance to the brilliant side of the position, which was chiefly valuable to him because gratifying to his family. His mind was intent on the truths of philosophy, and came to see that duty, justice, and love were the trinity through which the human race was to evolve from low to high estate.

The "Lily" Court-Martial.—We learn from Halifax that Lieutenant Hewitt was acquitted without blame at the court-martial upon the officers of her Majesty's ship Lily. Commander Russell and Navigating-Lieutenant Sharpe were found in default for the loss of the vessel. Both were reprimanded and dismissed their ship.

The New Exeter Theatre, erected on the site of the one destroyed by fire two years ago, when 180 persons perished in the flames, was opened last Monday evening by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's "Yeomen of the Guard" company. The new theatre is built on the Irving-Darbishire safety plan, and is lighted throughout with the electric light. The walls, floors, and ceilings are of fireproof material, and a fireproof curtain divides the stage and auditorium.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE practise sterling honesty of purpose: without it you will find your life is a sham. Use care in examining each bottle of ECO'S FRUIT SALT, or you are liable to have foisted on you a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.—[ADVT.]

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

A New Two-Rifles Question.

A FEW years ago, when the Martini rifle was coming in, but not yet given to the Volunteers, for a couple of prize meetings the National Rifle Association was terribly bothered by the difficulty of choosing what prizes should be shot for by the moribund Snider which the Volunteers still carried, and what by the Martini-Henry with which all shooting men had been practising. But, troublous as the question was, it was on each occasion settled before the prize meeting commenced, and, therefore, never became so embarrassing as the new Two-Rifles Question is likely to be at Bisley next year. It is all very well for the War Office to treat the normal Martini-Henry and the Mark No. 4 as identically the same weapon; but marksmen using the latter are asserting that it is a greatly superior gun to the former. One experienced Volunteer, who has been regarded as out of form all this year, and therefore has been passed over for matches by his shooting captain, tells me that a fortnight ago, having been fluked into a team to make up the number, he had the Mark No. 4 in his hands for the first time, and made 88 with it straight off. A few similar tales are about the shooting world; and to think of setting men armed with such guns against others armed with the ordinary rifle, one would think, out of the question. The Association had better think seriously about this matter. There is enough nonsense talked about London corps being favoured over provincial as it is, without setting them by the ears at Bisley over the two guns.

I presume it was with one of the Mark No. 4's that

Fulton of the Queen's

made that splendid score of 94 points in twenty shots at 800 and 900 yards, at the Park Range last week, thoroughly cutting his record at those distances. Forty-seven out of a possible fifty at each of the ranges is a most brilliant performance anyhow, and nobody has previously got near it. The Queen's Prize will probably find a very reduced number of competitors if by the time Bisley comes round next July the conviction has grown up in the provincial Volunteer mind that 94 at 800 and 900 indicates the sort of scoring that can be made with Mark No. 4's. Fulton is not one of the men trained at

Underground Ranges

such as Colonel Haddan is going to adopt for his 4th V.B. West Surrey. The War Office has given its sanction to the proposal, and, if there be not the added sanction for men to do their class firing in the cellar by gaslight, it is likely that it may be given, for the Volunteer Musketry Regulations fully contemplate such a possibility. Men trained in this way can never be of much value as marksmen in the field; they can know nothing of the vagaries of wind and light, and certainly their corps may save the cost of entering them for the Queen's Prize. Very likely Colonel Haddan cares nothing about the chance of one of his winning the Queen's; but, as a practical man, he must know that they may become splendid marksmen underground, but will be duffers everywhere else.

The Shoeburyness Reports,

rendered by officers of the Royal Artillery, are very laudatory of the Volunteers. Colonel Nicholson says that, despite strong wind, heavy rain, and indifferent light, the Volunteer gunners showed a distinct advance in the quality of their practice; the five discipline competition was in every way a success; and the repository was quite up to the high level of former years. When to this is added the Colonel's observation of the steady and marked advance the Volunteer artillery are yearly making in discipline and soldierly bearing, and his record of the smart, orderly, and rapid manner in which the men turned out to help the Royals in resisting an attack from sea during the naval manœuvres, all has been said that need be said.

Those Poor Schoolboys

got a fearful drenching on Wimbledon Common last Saturday afternoon, when they turned out—Harrow, Dulwich, and Haileybury—to fight the Artists. It is all very well to talk about not being afraid of weather, but the General of the district did not think it improper to stop a great field-day of the Regulars the previous day because of the rain and the state of the ground, and therefore the Volunteers were not in any way called upon to vindicate their pluck by carrying out their programme under similar conditions. They did their part well; but instruction is the main object of such operations, and there can be next to no instruction when men and boys are scrambling through swamps, soaked to the skin, and chilled to the marrow. Such field-days are best abandoned as her Majesty's Guards abandon theirs. The same day the 3rd Middlesex Artillery and North Middlesex Rifles were out to make a night of it.

Route Marching:

the one corps to St. Albans, and the other to Theydon Bois. The work was bad enough for them, with good greatcoats and sticking to the high road; but their billets were prepared and their suppers getting ready, so the alternative of abandonment was not so open to them. Live and learn; and on remarking to an officer that the 3rd Middlesex would have been a cleaner had they worn leggings, I was surprised to be told that leggings are not "regulation" for artillerymen. High time they were, then.

The Defence of London

is evidently being seriously considered by the War Office, and I hear that the winter reconnaissance reporting of the Home District is to be entirely confined to the South London Defence line, and chiefly about Reigate. The London Volunteer officers are again to have a share in this, if they like; and they ought to like in a rather larger degree than they have hitherto.

The London Irish

are making a start to build headquarters, and certainly not a day before it was necessary. It has always been a wonder how a great corps like the Irish could have gone on as it has without a roof to cover it anywhere in the evening, the time when most Volunteer work is done. "Office hours from eleven to two" at a little hutch in King William-street must be a terrible nuisance to the working men who compose this popular battalion. EYES FRONT.

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I seem to have so much to say, each week, on questions of more real importance than clothes that my readers have looked in vain for any chit-chat on

Fashion.

I do not think, myself, it is of very much use to tell women what to wear; for they are almost certain—at least a great many of them—to carry out their own ideas, not mine. And, after all, why not? If some of my readers, for instance, like to array themselves in gowns made of checked material—great checks several inches square—why should they be debarred from doing so by the fact that I detest

Checks,

and think them vulgar? I can give logical reasons for denouncing powder and cosmetics, but not for disliking plaids and checks. Fur capes will again be very much worn this winter. They are being shown with very high collars, which can be turned down at will: but I think capes in fur are clumsy, and becoming to long-necked people only. But, being the fashion, they will, no doubt, be seen on short, stout, and

High-shouldered

The tippets, with long ends, are in request, and I am told that muffs are to be of immense size. It is not so very long since they were worn just long and wide enough to cover the tips of the fingers, and very absurd they looked. I am told that

Braiding

is coming in again; but you can buy your braiding ready-made now, in most elaborate patterns, which reach, some of them, from the edge of the skirt quite up to the knee. There does not seem any special colour worn this autumn. I much dislike what is called a fashionable hue. You will say I have a great many

Pet Aversions,

and you are right. But were we not all sick and tired of "crushed strawberry" when it was the rage a little while ago? Long before the season in which it first appeared was over I wished that the man or woman who invented it had eaten his strawberries whole, and never been struck by the peculiar tint of the

Crushed Fruit.

For a winter gown, warranted to wear and look "nice" to the end, there is nothing better than navy blue serge. Formerly, when a quantity of drapery was worn, serge dresses were too heavy; but now that the "habit" skirt is in fashion they can be made as light and comfortable as possible. The bodice looks natty and pretty worn with or without

A Waistcoat.

I like the waistcoat just as much as I dislike the stiff shirt-front with the neck-tie and pin to correspond. I suppose a great many of you, either read for yourselves, or heard talked about, the letters which have been published in one of the daily papers upon the subject of

Smoking for Women.

But right or wrong, seemly or unseemly? I think the question of right or wrong may be left out of the discussion altogether. If it is not morally wrong for a man to smoke it is not morally wrong for a woman; for morality has, or ought not to have, anything to do with sex. As to the seemliness of the practice, opinions vary so decidedly, and

Approval

comes from such unexpected quarters, that it seems absurd to condemn it dogmatically, no matter what our own private opinions may be. Personally, I may say, I dislike to see a woman smoking; and also, I am a little surprised to find that all men are not of my opinion; but they are not, and their advocacy of the habit will have weight. To condemn women who smoke wholesale as "unsexed" and "unwomanly" is obviously absurd. A really

Womanly Woman

will be womanly always; and a woman who is fast and masculine in dress, speech, and action will not become more womanly by drawing the line at tobacco. I am not competent to judge for my nervous sisters, and, if they are soothed by smoking, by all means let them smoke; but if I were a pretty and healthy

Young Girl

I think I should refuse to smoke myself, and this is the opinion of a woman, remember, who delights in the smell of tobacco, and can stand any amount of it in a room. But the smell of stale tobacco is not agreeable, and it seems rather out of place in a lady's room.

I am sorry to say that a great many women, as soon as they become wives, pay no attention to their

Personal Appearance.

Does it never occur to them the inference which can be drawn from this neglect? Just think a little, and see if you cannot find out what the inference is. I cordially agree with the genial author of "How to be Happy tho' Married," that it is the duty of a wife to keep her good looks as long as she can for her husband's sake. "Many women," he says, "look upon

Devotion

to their households, constant self-sacrifice in little things, and neglect of their own persons, both externally and internally, as heroic, and glory in sufferings endured, as they think, for the benefit of their husbands and families; but no greater mistake could be made than to think anyone derives advantage from their self-imposed injuries." Want of

Method

is a disease which hundreds of women suffer from. Unmethodical mistresses keep their houses in a perpetual ferment. They are always trying to overtake a lost half-hour; but those slippery thirty minutes, having got a good start early in the day, never allow themselves to be caught up, and they are still at large and triumphant when bedtime comes. I have a great deal more to say on this subject, but I must put it off for another time.

I do not know what you all think, but I confess I am surprised to find that we have reached the

Tenth Month

of the year, and are on the very verge of winter. It is more easy to housekeep in winter than in summer, because there is more variety both of fish, flesh, and fowl, to say nothing of game; but, alas! that is too often a luxury for the

Rich Man's

table. Geese are in season now, and turkeys are on the road. A tender goose is a very good bird, but they are very rarely hung long enough to please me. The next goose you buy do not stuff it with the orthodox sage and onions; try filling the whole of its interior with nicely

Mashed Potatoes.

Be sure you have them peeled before boiling, or steaming, if you do not want to have them like a kind of glue. For eating whole they should be peeled after, or, better still, served in their jackets. But for stuffing your roast goose they should be flowery. To them, when mashed, add a very little finely shred onion, a sprinkle of pepper; mix lightly, and then fill the goose, roast, and serve, and I think you will say that you never tasted anything in the way of

"Stuffing"

more delicious. Celery is in season now, and it is very nice cooked or uncooked. Well and carefully stewed, and served on toast like seakale, it is perhaps more digestible than in its natural state. There are quantities of rabbits in the market now. I do not myself think that

"Bunny"

quite deserves the reputation he enjoys as a food. In the first place, as I think I said before, the poulterers do not "paunch" him soon enough, and he is not improved by the flavour of his own inside; and if he could be more tidily trussed, and not sent to table, as he so often is, with all his legs and wings

Spread Out

as if he were going to fly, he would certainly look better, even if his flavour were the same: but I think the majority will admit that to those who are a little dainty of appetite the look of food makes it enticing or the reverse. Rabbits make an excellent

Irish Stew,

but I wish cooks could be taught that in that savoury dish the potato should always be whole, not broken up in the gravy as they almost always are. If I could afford it I should have a good cook from Ireland to make my Irish stews, stuff my geese, and make my

Pancakes!

The same accomplished domestic (remember I say a good cook from Ireland, not the untaught, dirty drabs whom you look upon, I fear, as representative Irish servants) would also know how to make giblet soup, a delicacy unknown, as far as I am aware, in England, and her dish of broad beans and bacon would make the mouth of an epicure water. I am convinced, and this is one of my pet

Hobbies,

that the battle of life would be less hard if there were more good housekeepers and fewer incompetent cooks. I think I said this before; but I never apologise for repeating a *wise* remark!

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The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—
"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

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"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, April the 3rd, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, 1889.
"Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 18s. 6d. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
"F. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballinen, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment—an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also you have my permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
"ROBERT MILLS HARKIN.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co."

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WILKIE COLLINS.

THE highest price which Wilkie Collins ever received for a novel was *five thousand guineas*, which was paid to him for "Armadale" by Mr. George Smith, before a line of the story (which originally appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*) had been written. "Armadale" has never been a favourite with the public, but it is a very powerful book, and a story of the most absorbing interest, and Dickens expressed a high opinion of it. Just after the bargain had been concluded between author and publisher there was a discussion at the Athenæum one afternoon about book prices, during which Hayward very acrimoniously maintained that Mr. George Smith could not possibly have paid any such sum to Wilkie Collins; and after he had ranted on the subject for some time, Dickens, whom he had contradicted, turned to a friend and whispered, "Can you wonder now that that man is so generally execrated?" Thackeray, only a short time before his death, congratulated Wilkie Collins on the transaction, and told him that he had never himself made as much as five thousand pounds by any of his books.—*World*.

LONDON RAMBLES.—No. I.

IT is George Sand who wrote in one of her letters, "To travel is to learn." But I have often thought that the Londoner has not this reason for leaving his own town, since he has but to walk through it to learn the most delightful things in the most delightful way. The very names of the streets, if he will but pause a moment to remember what they mean, are an education in themselves. There is scarcely a

GRAY'S INN: HOLBORN ENTRANCE.

parish, scarcely a square, scarcely a building which has not something or other to tell, which has not some associations to give it interest, historical, literary, or artistic, as the case may be.

Have you forgotten what Mr. Punch said to Thackeray when he wanted to travel? "I give you my commission. Travel in London." It is a large order, and the difficulty is to know where to begin and how to set about it. But I think, for picturesqueness as well as for the charm of association, there is no pleasanter London journey than that from Theobald's-road through the Inns of Court to the Embankment, and by beginners and old travellers alike it may always be safely undertaken. All the Inns have that old-world flavour and that feeling of peace and rest which no one has felt so keenly and then expressed as well as

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

He tells in his "London Note-Book" how once he "went astray in Holborn through an arched entrance over which was 'Staple Inn,' and here, likewise, seemed to be offices: but in a court opening inwards from this there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses, with beautiful green shrubbery and grass plots in the court, and a great many sunflowers in full bloom. The windows were open; it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn, and to lose all this repose as suddenly on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet."

And had he turned from the bustle on the other side of Holborn he would have found the same pleasant "island" in the

Beautiful Green of Gray's Inn,

with the row of old eighteenth or seventeenth century houses on either side. There is a fine iron gateway at the lower end of the green, and through it you look—for it is my experience you are never allowed to enter—at the children who to-day run and race in the inclosure where Lord Bacon once came to think and write and to enjoy what he called "the purest of human pleasures," and plant the elms which afterwards overshadowed the garden he loved, where Sir Roger de Coverley sometimes walked, clearing "his pipes in good air"; where the gay gallants and fair ladies of Pepys's day crowded "for walks." No wonder that for the rooms overlooking this little green oasis, so rich in memories of the olden time, you must pay more than for those in the other quadrangles though their carved woodwork, wainscoted walls, and great window seats make them worth a far better price than is now paid for them.

And if you were to look into the history of these panelled rooms you would find few that could not boast of famous tenants in other days; for many have been the great men who have lived in Gray's Inn, from Sir Philip Sidney to Goldsmith and Johnson, and many the stories that could be told of the years they passed there. Was it not in the gateway that Thomas Osborne lived—the bookseller Osborne, of the "Dunciad," but whose chief claim to immortality rests upon the fact that Dr. Johnson knocked him down with a folio and set his foot upon his neck? "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him."

You have, in leaving Gray's Inn by the Holborn entrance, but to cross the street, and almost at once you pass before the old quaintly

Gabled Front of Staple Inn.

Who does not know the irregular, rambling pile, following the curve in the street, with the timbered upper storeys projecting boldly over the shops on the ground floor, and with so little method in windows and gables that it looks as if a number of little friendly houses were doing their best to hold each other up? In the centre is the low archway Hawthorne describes, and it leads into the greater quadrangle, with its dingy houses and pleasant trees where the sparrows are for ever twittering. And in the smaller quadrangle beyond are grass plots and flower-beds, and even one or two broad-leaved fig-trees, which, together with the terrace and its grey-stone balustrade, somehow remind one, incongruously enough, of Italy.

Here, too, are the memories of the past which add to the charm of its quiet and quaintness; not so many, it is true, as at Gray's Inn, but still a few to be prized by all who love a place the more because of its human interest. It was in a room in Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson shut himself up while he wrote his "Rasselas," which was to pay for his mother's funeral. If I remember rightly, he did not stay there long; but his sorrows and his struggles will always be remembered in the inn's quadrangles, just as Ben Jonson's trowel will in Lincoln's Inn, and Chaucer's Franciscan in the Temple.

"Edwin Drood!"

And in Staple Inn Stevens corrected the proof-sheets of his edition of Shakspere. And Mr. Grewajous had his chambers, and Rosa, and Neville Landless, and so many of the friends and foes of Edwin Drood, no less real because they lived only in a book, often came and went, and he who can follow them under the old archway without giving them a thought misses one of the best pleasures in life.

RAMBLER.

STAPLE INN: THE STEPS BY THE GARDEN.

Sir Tindal Robertson, one of the Conservative members of Parliament for Brighton, committed suicide at his residence in that town on Sunday morning by cutting his throat. Sir Tindal, who has been blind for a number of years, has for some months been in ill-health.

The Wreck of the Zephyr off Ilfracombe was reported last week. A correspondent courteously writes to say that the life-boat, containing the captain, engineer, and nine of the crew, was towed by the Maria Luigia into Portheawl. There the distressed sailors were most kindly treated by Mr. W. D. Lodge, agent of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Association. We are glad to learn that during the recent storms the gallant men of the National Life-Boat Association have nobly distinguished themselves, especially off Holyhead and Aberystwith. The best way to commemorate their bravery is promptly to send postal note subscriptions to the secretary of the National Life-Boat Association, Mr. Charles Dibdin, 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

GARDENING IN SEASON

THE chief beauty of a rural landscape just now consists in the

Varied Tints

of the woods and moorlands. I do not know of anything to equal, and there is certainly nothing to surpass, the soft yet gorgeous colouring of a well-wooded hillside towards the end of October. In and near large towns the leaves fall before they have changed colour to any extent, but where the air is pure the foliage of many trees takes on hues that are almost past description. I promised last week to refer to this subject again, and will now endeavour to fulfil my promise, and mention a few of the brightest and best of trees for autumn effect.

In addition to the russet and buff of the oak, the ruddy orange of the beech, the bright gold of the elm, and the lovely colouring of the chesnut at this season, we have many other and brighter hues, afforded chiefly by exotic or foreign trees, the importance of which in the autumn landscape cannot be overestimated. For gorgeous colouring scarcely anything can equal the

American Oaks.

Of these the scarlet oak (Quercus coccinea), Q. tinctoria, the chesnut oak (Q. prinus), and the white oak (Q. alba) are unequalled. The red, silver-leaf, and sugar maples are among the noblest of American trees, and simply grand in autumn. Then there are the hickories (Carya porcina and C. microcarpa), the leaves of which die off a rich golden yellow; and the lovely yellow wood (Cladrastis tinctoria). Another tree the foliage of which assumes a brilliant yellow hue before it falls is the beautiful American catalpa (C. syringæfolia) and the bird cherries (Cerasus padus) are also simply gorgeous at this time of year. By the way, the common English wild cherry is also one of the brightest of all our autumn foliage trees. Again, the

Sweet Gum Tree

(Liquidambar styraciflua) is wonderfully beautiful just now, the leaves, at first orange, scarlet, crimson, or yellow, often changing to a deep purple before they fall. But the most brilliantly coloured of all is the Sour Gum or Pepperidge, also known as the Tupelo (Nyssa multiflora). The gorgeous colouring of this beautiful North American tree is almost indescribable; every leaf, when seen from a little distance, might be an orange-crimson flower. There are a few specimens of this lovely tree on the embankment just outside Bath Station, on the Great Western Railway, that I always look out for at this time of year. Those who have the space and the means for doing so should plant the trees I have mentioned largely.

One of the greatest objections to the

Bedding-Out System

is that for a large part of the year the beds are left unoccupied, bare, and unsightly. There are several ways of obviating this unsatisfactory state of things, now that the summer flowering-plants have been removed. Some of the beds will, of course, be filled with bulbs, and, as these should not be planted more than three or four inches deep, it is not wise to crowd them up with other things, and, as a rule, the empty appearance of these must be put up with until the growth of the bulbs appears in spring. Others may, however, be immediately furnished with what are known as

Spring Bedding Plants,

of which arabis, alyssums, aubrietias, silenes, myosotis (forget-me-nots), pansies, violets, violas, polyanthus, primroses, daisies, wallflowers, and anemones of various kinds are among the best and most useful for the purpose. With these a wonderful variety of charming effects may be produced at a very slight cost, nearly all the plants mentioned being easily raised from seed. A stock of such things should always be kept in the reserve garden, and the sooner they are planted in the beds after the summer bedding plants have been removed the better.

Another excellent plan is to fill up such empty beds with small

Evergreen Shrubs,

such as rhododendrons, aucubas, euonymus, bays, hollies, thujas, and so forth. A favourite plan of my own is always to keep a good stock of these pots from six to eleven or twelve inches across. A little care in watering these may be kept in excellent condition, and be at all times available for furnishing window-boxes, balconies, or even for indoor decoration, as well as for filling empty flower-beds at the present time. A circular bed filled with a nicely arranged assortment of the above, and edged with a broad band of crocus in one or more colours, snowdrops, or the pretty blue scilla sibirica, looks very pretty in the early spring, and incomparably better than the empty ugliness too often seen. In the

Greenhouse,

Chinese primroses (Primula sinensis) are just commencing to bloom. These are, perhaps, the most free and useful of all winter-flowering plants for a cool greenhouse or the window garden; and, with a little care and an occasional dose of weak liquid manure, they will bloom continuously from now until next March or April. The best place for them is a light shelf or stage not far from the glass; and, though water should never be given until the soil shows slight signs of dryness, yet they must never be allowed to get very dry, or they will not do well afterwards.

This is a busy time in the

Fruit Garden:

what with gathering and storing the late fruit, planting and root pruning and lifting, one's hands are about as full as they can be this month. But, though doing as much as one can, it is very unwise in gardening as in other things, to attempt too much. Do one thing at a time, and do it *well*, is the golden rule here. A badly planted fruit-tree will take a long time to recover the shock, and may never do well at all, while a little extra care would have made all the difference between success and failure.

Late Pears

are always in request. Think of the price one often has to pay for a really nice pear in January,

STAPLE INN: OLD GABLED HOUSES IN HOLBORN.

February, or March, while everyone who possesses a garden worth the name, and a place to store the fruit when gathered, may have plenty of their own by planting the right kinds. Doyenné du Comice, Glou morceau, Easter beurré, Josephine des Malines, Beurré gamotte d'Esperen, Ollivier de Serres, beurré Superfin, and the delicious winter nelis are all first-class kinds, and will afford a constant succession of delicious fruit from the early part of January until April or May.

Late Grapes

in vineries must be well looked after now. The roof should be quite tight, for if there is much drip the grapes will not keep. Look the bunches over every few days, and remove any decayed or mouldy ones, and keep the interior of the house moderately dry, clean, and cool, with a little fire-heat in cold or wet weather to dry up damp and keep the air in motion. In the

Vegetable Garden

things are comparatively quiet just now, but trenching should be proceeded with on all favourable occasions.

Green Peas

in winter are greatly esteemed, and often forced under glass at a great expense. It is well to know that if any old or common seed is sown in boxes now and then, and placed on a greenhouse shelf, the young tops of the plants, cut with a scissors, will impart almost the same flavour to soups, &c., as the genuine article.

B. C. R.

A Sad Accident occurred to Mrs. E. Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," last Saturday. Mrs. Burnett, who resides at Dorincourt, on the Bellaclo Estate, East Grinstead, was driving her pony-cart to the station, when the pony shied, ran up a bank, and threw Mrs. Burnett out. The cart was smashed to pieces and the lady injured. Mrs. Burnett recovered consciousness in a few moments, but is lying very ill at the house of a lady resident at Dormans, although the doctors hold out every hope of her recovery.

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SAVED BY "BEECHAM'S PILLS."

On Monday a serious accident happened off Southsea Beach, which very nearly terminated fatally. It appears that an old gentleman with a lady and a little boy, visitors, hired a pleasure-boat and went out for a row. As they were returning they met the sailing-boat whose canvas for the last few weeks has advertised the virtues of **BEECHAM'S PILLS**, and in manœuvring to get out of her way placed themselves across the bow of the Vesta, another rowing-boat, which was coming along at a considerable speed. In vain the occupants of the Vesta tried to stop her; it was too late, and she ran right into the other boat, almost cutting off her stern. The occupants were merged into the water, and their chance of life seemed a bad one, as none of them appeared able to swim. **"BEECHAM'S PILLS,"** however, tacked and picked them up. A number of boats put off from the beach, and great excitement prevailed.—*Portsmouth Evening Mail*, Sept. 18, 1889.

FUN AND FANCY.

A HANDY ARRANGEMENT.

Husband: "What a pity that Emma had to go and throw Mr. Coldenap overboard, for I bought our coal from him last winter. Now this winter I'll have to pay the full price."

Wife: "Calm yourself, husband: she is just going to renew the engagement. You see, she broke it in July in order to become engaged to Mr. Cooler, the man we buy our ice from."

Husband: "May Heaven's richest blessing rest upon that daughter!"

CHANGE AND REST.

The following entry was made by a traveller in the Visitors' Book at the H—— Hotel: "I came here for change and rest. The waiter has the change, and the landlord has the rest."

HE HAD SOME GROUNDS.

Warble: "Of all the nervy men I think young Wagwell takes the cake."

Wibble: "What's the matter with Wagwell?"

Warble: "He proposed to a deaf and dumb girl some time ago, and now he is sueing for breach of promise on the ground that silence gives consent."

"EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS."

"Where did you get that cake, Annie?" "Mother gave it to me." "She's always a-giving you more'n she does me." "Never mind, Harry; she's going to put mustard plasters on us to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

LOOKING AHEAD.

Mother: "Laura, you ought to make that young man of yours go home earlier."

Miss Laura: "But we are engaged, mamma, and I don't see why"——

Mother: "You will get him into habits of staying out late, and you will be sorry for it some day, after the honeymoon is over."

DIDN'T WANT TO BE TOO PRECIPITATE.

Charlie: "Well, Edith, if you are as fond of me as you say, why don't you promise to marry me?"

Edith: "Well, you see, Charlie, I—I—well, the fact is, I—haven't been to Scarborough yet—nor Bournemouth—nor anywhere, in fact, but here at Brighton, and one never knows who might be—that is—well, I wish, Charlie, you would wait until the first of November, anyway—I'll tell you then."

A GOOD WAITER.

"George," remarked Mrs. Jackhigh to her husband, "who is this Sam Taylor I heard you and Major Johnson talking about? Is he a good waiter?"

"A good waiter, my dear? What do you mean?"

"Why, I heard you tell the Major that down at the club the other night Sam Johnson came in with a tray full and dropped his pile, and I thought that he must have been very careless." And then George gazed out of the window with a far-away look in his eyes.—*New York Life.*

First County Councillor: "Sh! Don't you think it rather unseemly in a County Councillor to enjoy the fun so hilariously that you will have to denounce at to-morrow's sitting?"

Second County Councillor (straightening himself with difficulty): "Hem! Ah! I almost forgot my important duty to my country."

[But there was really nothing objectionable in the quaint "White-Eyed Kaffir."]

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE MUSIC-HALL LICENSING QUESTION.

HE HAD HIS WISH.

Mrs. N. Peck: "I ran across one of your old letters to-day, Nathan, where you said that you would rather be in endless torment with me than be in bliss by yourself."

Mr. N. Peck: "Well, I guess I got my wish."

CULTURE IN THE WEST.

A teacher who had asked a girl to purchase a grammar received this note from the mother:—

"I do not desire that Mattie shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer her to ingage in more yousful studies, and can learn her to speak and write proper myself. I went through two grammars, and I can't say as they done me no good. I prefer Mattie to ingage in German and drawing and vokal music on the piano."

LUCKY MAN.

Visitor (looking through the photograph album): "This, if I mistake not, is a portrait of your deceased husband?"

Widow: "It is."

Visitor (with a well-meant effort to say something appropriate): "What a fine-looking man he was! And so young! But he has escaped many of the trials and sufferings of this life. Ah me!"

Widow (with a sigh): "Yes. He died just as I was getting ready to can five dozen boxes of blackberries."

A GEORGIA MAN

laughed himself to death the other day. As he carried 25,000 dollars' worth of life insurance it is his widow's turn to laugh now.

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Regd.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

ARE MOST MEN HONEST?

Are the majority of men honest or dishonest? A deep and difficult question. A famous king said, "All men are liars." Was he right? Can we trust one another? Is every second man you meet a thief?—either in fact or at heart? Are most men governed by conscience and a sense of honour? As we decide this point so must we treat our fellows in our dealings with them. The following story will throw light upon this question. Some years ago an American business man had an article to sell which he believed would prove popular and useful in Great Britain, if he could introduce it here. He came to England without an introduction, without friends in this country, and with very little money, yet he felt at once a strange confidence and a strange diffidence. His diffidence arose from his being a stranger in a strange land, and that the people might imagine that the article he desired to sell was of no value, and merely intended to deceive the purchaser. His confidence was based upon his knowledge of the rectitude of his own intentions, and that the public would approve what he proposed to supply them with as soon as they became acquainted with it. But how should he induce them to test it? That was the perplexing problem in his mind. He solved this problem in a manner we may properly call original, and which at first appeared the very height of folly. He took the ground that the great majority of people will prove honest if you trust them. On this theory he acted. He placed his goods, to the value of thousands of pounds, in the hands of utter strangers, trusting to their word of honour alone that if they sold them they would pay for them. This he did all over the country.

The business men of London, where he began his operations, heard of this with amazement. They called him an idiot and a lunatic, and predicted that he would be robbed and cheated right and left. But the result proved that our American friend was right, and all his critics wrong. The public soon found the goods were exactly what they were represented to be: they bought eagerly, and every shilling due was remitted without hesitation or difficulty, and a trade sprang up which in a few years caused him to rank as one of the most successful men in his line of business in the world. He had demonstrated that the great majority of people are honest, and considered the experience of incalculable value. He trusted the English public, and trusts them constantly, with the same results. We may state, as the matter is now no secret, that the man was Mr. A. J. White, and the article he had to sell was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, a medicine the name of which is to-day a household word all over the civilised earth. This preparation, the constituents of which were discovered by the old German nurse whose name it bears, is now everywhere conceded to be an infallible remedy for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, and all ailments arising from an impure state of the blood. Its great fame has not grown out of extensive and cunning advertising, but from the mouth-to-mouth and door-to-door comments and praises of the people themselves. All who use it are cured: then they tell the news to their neighbours, and so it flies from town to town and from land to land.

Everybody is supposed to know the symptoms of indigestion and dyspepsia, yet it will do no harm to name the principal ones again, especially for the reason that it is often mistaken for other diseases, to the loss of time and money; frequent or continual headache, a dull pain at the base of the brain, bad breath, nauseous eructations, the rising of sour and pungent fluids to the throat, a sense of oppression and faintness at the pit of the stomach, flatulence, wakefulness and loss of sleep, disgust with food even when weak from the need of it, sticky or slimy matter on the teeth or in the mouth, especially on rising in the morning; furred and coated tongue, dull eyes, cold hands and feet, constipation, dry or rough skin, inability to fix the mind on any labour calling for continuous attention, and oppressive and sad forebodings. When you feel any of these symptoms—and they comprise nine-tenths of our ailments—Seigel's Syrup is as certain to relieve and cure you as you are to take it. An army of people have testified to this over their own signatures, and a still greater host, averse to having their names in print, have privately given the facts and their names for confidential use. We may, therefore, say that Mr. White has demonstrated two things by his odd experiment—the honesty of the people and the honesty of what he had to sell them.

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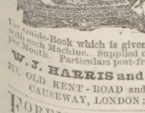

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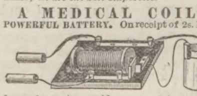

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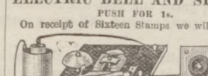

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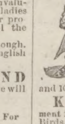

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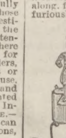

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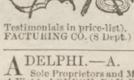

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